









# THE FREE HOMESTEAD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1889.

## Geo. P. Rowell & Co.

ADVERTISING AGENTS.  
No. 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. are the Agents for the Free Homestead, and the most influential and largest circulating newspaper in the United States and Canada. They are authorized to contract for an entire year or for a single issue.

### Divine Services.

Baptist.—Services in the Baptist church every alternate Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at seven o'clock.

Methodist.—Services every alternate Sabbath morning, in the Baptist church, at 10:30 o'clock.

Union.—Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evenings, in the Baptist church, at 8 o'clock.

Sabbath school every Sunday morning, immediately after preaching.

### "Why Not?" collars at Winship's.

The grist mill here was run night and day last week, on an order for five tons of flour for settlers on the western frontier.

We are glad to see Mr. Hallem Huntington around again. He was in our office this morning, and, though pretty lame from his hurt last week, is feeling about as well as usual.

D. Wehrle, of Mankato, Watchmaker and Jeweller, informs us that he will soon open a shop here. He intends to be here occasionally himself, and to keep a workman here all the time.

D. H. Morse yesterday "strung" the residence of H. W. Holley with lightning rods, of a late patent. In order to acquire a complete knowledge of their usefulness, apply to Morse himself, and you will be convinced.

Helmhold's advertisement will be found in this paper. He spends ten thousand dollars a week for advertising. Five or six years ago he was in a bad way financially. Advertising has given him a fortune.

Tyrollese hats for summer wear at Winship's.

C. H. Shoen, editor of the St. Charles Herald called on us last week. He reports business as lively in that flourishing village, and, judging from his personal appearance, we should say that the *Herald* is running on a sound financial basis.

Me Cabo is going to New York City for goods, soon. He intends to bring back with him a first class showman from Milwaukee, and to open a shop here which will in all respects meet the wants of the town. The shop now in existence is far below that righteous standpoint.

ENGINEER'S OFFICE.—Chief Engineer Holley has purchased the brick factory building which is soon to go up on Main St. south of the Millinery. In size it will be story and a half, and of sufficient width and depth to accommodate the entire S. M. R. engineering corps, and for the transaction of the Land Office business connected with that road.

We are informed that Mr. Dustin of Mankato designs erecting a grist mill during the present season. Latimer's Ford on the Blue Earth River, this ford is directly west of Winnebago, only one-half mile distant, and the mill site is one of the best on the river. The patronage of a mill at this point would be excellent the year round.

PEAT MACHINE AT WORK.—Mr. W. Z. Haight writes from Mankato, that he will have a full set of his peat machinery in operation at his place in Lara, Fairbault Co., on Friday, the 15th inst. Our readers will remember that we published a full account of his peat machine some time since, and an opportunity is now offered for all who are interested in the manufacture of this fuel, to satisfy themselves of the merits of the peat machine invented by Mr. Haight.

The peat will be taken from the bog, condensed and moulded, by horse power.

No. 8 cook-stoves furnished complete for \$28.00 at the Hardware Store in Winnebago City.

The Blue Earth City *Post* made its appearance last week, and is very respect a well edited, good looking sheet. We had its appearance with pride, for it will be a valuable auxiliary to the growth and status of Fairbault county, and a representative of Blue Earth City, which will not shame its citizens. Its editors—W. W. Williams and M. H. Stevens—are young men, practical printers, social, full of energy, and deserve the liberal patronage which we are confident they will receive. Terms: \$2.00 per year.

Prof. J. Niemeyer and H. D. Hollenbeck, the "Blind Iowa Songsters," gave a vocal and instrumental concert in the Baptist church last evening. Only a few hours notice of the entertainment was given, so that the audience was not large; but those present were well pleased with the execution of the programme. If we may have an opinion on the number of pieces which elicited applause. Concert Waltz, Cerotta Polka, and the Cuckoo Solo were particularly well executed, as also was the *Sonnet of the Sea*,—a solo and chorus. The voice of Prof. Hollenbeck does not seem to be adapted to some of the songs he gives, while in others he evidently has more confidence in his own powers, as in the song of "Woman is Going to Vain."

She lectures and doctors and preaches, And she'll mend our political breaches, And she'll mend our political breaches.

# Regular Poetry.

We love poetry, all the way from Walt Whitman to Solomon, and as well when it is unshackled with rhyme, as when it is unshackled with rhyme.

We are glad when our friends favor us with bits of verse, though it be not so lofty as Dante, or as deeply impregnated with human nature as Shakespeare; but oh, let not some trifling measure and accent that daunt us, can not be distinguished from anapests, and never rhyme *upside* with *hands* *upside*.

But if, by slip of the pen some trifling digression from established rules should appear in poems written for the *HOMESTEAD*, you have the assurance that they are all received in confidence, and will never be referred to, except in some general way. Author's names are known only to ourselves. Remember that, and do not be discouraged.

From a dozen or more poetical gems which occupy one of the pigeon holes in our desk, we extract one which immortalizes a son of Erin who lives heretofore, and who made himself obnoxious by his gossiping proclivities. That portion which we publish below, is none the less remarkable for its metaphysical intensity, on account of its modest simplicity.

## THE SONNET.

He's better than a morning paper,  
Or a poster on the church door;  
For to poster any passing news,  
He'll travel the neighborhood over.

But the most that troubles him now it's said,  
Is young people's affairs;  
And those are easily which runs in his head,  
And sends together his hairs.

But he's about play-act in this section,  
For some desire he is soft;  
And others have fairly decided  
That his leading up in the loft.

But stop! I forget his description,  
Who he got may lead our toes;  
About his eyes so full of expression,  
His mouth full of tobacco juice.

His voice is like that of a parrot,  
His complexion is like that of a crow;  
He's more like a black cat,  
He's less like a white dove.

Observe the inimitable expressiveness  
Of the line—"And molasses candy  
Which runs in his head."

THE PRACTICAL PAINTER is a useful little monthly paper. Published by Willis Macdonald & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. 50 cents a year.

The tax sale comes off at Blue Earth City next Monday. Taxes not paid prior to that time, will be subject to a penalty of two per cent a month.

The *Atlas* wishes some poetical chap would settle in Fairmont, to infuse poetry into the "comparatively blank advertising columns," of that paper.

Mankato again has a Democratic paper. The *Free* made its appearance last week Tuesday, and is a very pleasant and dignified sheet. R. C. Payne is the proprietor, while the Local Department, and the office, are under the direct charge of Mr. J. C. Wise, late of the *Free*. Mankato has now three good papers.

VACANCY IN THE BOARD OF TRADE.—Mr. George Adams, who has long occupied a prominent position in this dignified and authoritative body, left by stages yesterday morning for Manchester, Delaware Co., Iowa, where he will engage in mercantile business. His mother, who has been boarding at the Collins House for a year or more, accompanies him. Eugene Adams, a nephew of George, leaves to-day for the same point. We are not advised of the action of the Board of Trade on this first reduction of their number.

Within a few weeks, nearly a hundred chinamen have been taken to the big head of the Des Moines river in Jackson county.

Already more immigrants have settled in Fairbault, Martin and Jackson counties this year, than during the two previous years. While the wagon roads are not yet open.

Dist. Court Calendar—June Term, 1889.

CIVIL CAUSES.

Wm. J. Crittenden v. J. H. Sprout, att'y for def't.

Geo. R. Nelson v. A. C. Dunn, att'y for def't.

Elizabeth Goodell v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

Nathaniel Van Aken v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

Edward Burdick v. A. C. Dunn and J. H. Sprout for def't.

Chas. Everett v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

Ellis Rhodes v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

Wm. Stauffer v. Winnebago & Barney for def't.

James P. Carlton v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

Lewis Young v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

Duncan Livingston v. Richard Field for def't.

Lesander Solas, E. Stiles, v. A. C. Dunn and J. H. Sprout for def't.

Harrison Pratt v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

Robert Woolery v. Richard Field for def't.

Maria Holmowsky v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

Anthony Busch v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

John Millington v. Richard Field for def't.

J. D. Maxwell v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

John B. Chapel v. S. J. Abbott for def't.

John W. Jenkins v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

Isaac Fuller v. J. H. Sprout for def't.

F. E. Harlow, Sheriff, v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

Spencer Edwards v. S. J. Abbott for def't.

Wm. Smith v. A. C. Dunn for def't.

# From the Blue Earth City "Post."

Six members were added to the Methodist church, by letter last Sabbath.

Mr. D. Smith, of Winnebago, will open a new livery stable here in a few days.

Dr. Noteman, an experienced physician from Wisconsin, has been in town for several days. He is a native of the State of Wisconsin, and has been practicing medicine in that State for over twenty years.

The arrangements for the Great Indian Show, which is to start from this place next month, are progressing satisfactorily.

Mr. Ruden White has associated with himself Mr. D. P. Poles in the construction of a wild grist mill upon a new and improved plan. They have already commenced operation and expect to have the mill running this fall.

Lucas Jos. Reynolds, one of the pioneers of Minnesota and Iowa, who has been residing in his home at the Canadian House in this place for several weeks past, by reason of his ill health, is being passed vigorously.

The new water-power grist mill commenced on the Blue Earth river just below town, by Mr. Poles, is being passed vigorously.

The building to be built by Mr. Poles, is two stories high, and will have high water made way a fresh stock from which to make his relations, and seems nothing but to draw from his resources in any required extent to make the monthly what it should be.

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# UNDER

Offering for sale at living prices.

Complete assortment of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of:

Cloths, Poplins, Sheetings.

Prints, Alpacaes, Delains.

Denims, Cassimers, Muslins.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE

NEW

AND LATEST STYLES

of

HATS and CAPS.

BOOTS and SHOES.

A CROCKERY.

UNDER THE NEW

Dispensation

our motto is

LIVE AND LET LIVE,

which we intend to do by

SELLING CHEAP for CASH.

and charging no thing for showing goods.

AT THE OLD STAND OF

WINSHIP & GOODWIN.

J. E. WINSHIP.

Winter Goods!

THE

Largest Stock

Ever brought into Fairbault county is now in the store of

Moulton and Deudon.

The Latest Style of

Paidey Shawls,

Large-line Double Shawls and Cloaks,

JASS, CAPS & CLOTHS,

Cassimers Delains,

Belgian Delains,

Rep Delains,

India Cloth,

EMPERESS CLOTHS,

Wool Poplin,

Chinchilla Poplin,

Ruffs Skirts and Boulevard Skirts,

may now be found at this store.

In addition to the above mentioned articles of the present most fashionable patterns, we will always find at the Fairbault county

EMPORIUM.

A well selected assortment of

HOOP SKIRTS,

from the "Odessa Skirt Company," which are unsurpassed by any other Hoop Skirt in use, as regards Durability, Comfort and Style.

And also a large stock of

Groceries, Pork, Hams,

BUTTER,

Lard, Wheat, Corn,

POTATOES,

Onions, Flour, Meal, &c., &c.

also every description of

Crockery, Glassware,

Looking-glasses,

Lamps, Lanterns,

Machine and Kerosene

Oil, Sugar Buckets and

Boxes,

AND

BOOTS & SHOES,

of all sizes, and many styles.

G. R. Moulton, of the firm of MOULTON & DEUDON, has just returned from NEW YORK CITY, where he took particular time to find the best houses, and to purchase at the bottom of the market, and confidently believes that he has secured the best qualities of goods, and at the most reasonable figures, and

THE ENTIRE STOCK

is now offered at a small advance on the original cost. Call and examine for yourself.

Try Yours.

MOULTON & DEUDON.

Sep. 20, 1888.

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Offering for sale at living prices.

Complete assortment of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of:

Cloths, Poplins, Sheetings.

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The Devil.  
His "Satanic Majesty" has had many titles. The Egyptians called him Typhon; the Greeks, Titan; the Persians, Oromaze. The Scotch have given him several names, as "Auld Cloute," which is supposed to allude to his cloven feet. They also called him the "Auld Ane (the Old One); and still another Scottish appellation for him is "Auld Hornie," which is based on the popular belief that his Satanic Majesty is supplied with horns. According to a learned German theologian there are 44,455,556 devils. The usual German expletive is "tea thousand tufels," but this calculation renders it a used up exclamation. Our ancestors firmly believed that it was possible for a person to be possessed by a devil. For thousands of years, indeed, humanity has held this creed, or this superstition; nor in the face of the many instances of demoniacal possession recorded in the Scriptures, can we refuse without impiety to credit the stories of men and women and children who have had devils which have been miraculously cast out. The good men who translated the Bible into the English tongue were the contemporaries of the witch-finders. The King to whom they dedicated their grand labor had himself written a ponderous treatise against witchcraft. They came from their task, their brains heated by Oriental imagery, and unable, perhaps, to draw nice distinctions between lofty allegory and naked fact, to detect the supernatural in every relation of social life, and to find devils everywhere. The old fiend of the Medieval legends—the Gothic devil with horns and hoofs, saucer eyes and a tail—was resuscitated in the bright morning of the Protestant Reformation. From the accession of James until the end of the reign of the Second Charles, the "State Trials" were with records of devilry. Let a woman be old and ugly and cross-grained, and especially rheumatic, and straightway commerce with a familiar fiend was imputed to her. Many such miserable old crones, who had been scourged, ducked and pelted nearly to death's door, were taken to avoid further torture before they reached the stake, to confess they had colliequed with the devil, "in the likeness of a black man about a foot and a half high." In France, at the same period, the "mons of London" were possessed by a devil in the shape of a tom-cat, speaking tolerable Latin. In Sweden the children were plagued with the Evil one, who were regularly exercised out of the whole troop of urchins every Sunday morning at the church door by means of a birch rod. And the devil even crossed the Atlantic, and caught hold of people in Virginia, and the washerwomen and cooks of Salem and other parts of New England.

The imagination of the Chinese has invented no fewer than ten devils and hells. One presides over a hell stock full of knives; another an iron tank filled with boiling water; a third is a hell office; in another the punishment is pulling out the tongues of those who tell lies; another a hell of poisonous serpents; in another the victim is drawn into pieces; another a hell of blackness and darkness; and in praying they say, "May I not fall into the hell of swords!" or into this or that place of torment.

How to Milk the Cows.  
The process in the operation of milking, is to make the cow's acquaintance, give her to understand that the milker approaches her with none other than friendly intentions; for if he swears, scolds or kicks her, she will give the milker the benefit of her heels, which in my opinion he is justly entitled to.

Before commencing to milk the cow, she should be fed, or have some kind of fodder; in the enjoyment of the mastication of the same, her attention is withdrawn from the milker's operation; and the milk is not "held up," as the saying is, but is yielded freely.

The milker should not sit off at a distance like a coward, but his left arm should come in contact with the leg of the cow, so that she cannot kick. Before commencing to milk, the teats are to be washed with cold water in warm weather, and warm water in winter.

The best milker is a merciful man. The udder and teats are highly organized and very sensitive, and these facts should be taken into consideration, especially when milking a cow, for the teats are sometimes excessively tender, and the hard tugging and squeezing which many poor sensitive creatures have to endure, at the hands of some thoughtless, hard-fisted man are really distressing to witness.

A better milker, than even a merciful man, is a woman. The principal part of the milking in private establishments, in foreign countries, is done by women; and in the United States there are thousands of capable women out of employment who might be advantageously employed, in private dairy establishments, as milk-maids.

An indolent person—slow coach—should never be suffered to touch a cow's teat; the process to say the least of it, is painful; therefore, the best milker is the one who can subvert the milk in the quickest time.

Finally the cow dry. The last of the milk is the most valuable, yet Mr. Hurryup cannot find time to attend to this matter, consequently he looses the best of the milk, and actually runs the cow as a milker.—Dr. Dodd.

How to Have Good Corned Beef.  
Take four lbs. salt, four ozs. saltpetre, and four lbs. brown sugar. Make a paste, pulverize the saltpetre, and rub the meat well, pack tight, by pounding down within a day or two after killing, and without freezing. Take out all large bones convenient, so that it will pack tight, and keep on weight to keep down the meat. It will make sufficient brine to cover the meat, and if it molds a little, it will not hurt, but keep sweet.—S. B. Fowler, in Country Gentleman.

Luther at Rome.  
In the close of the reign of Julius, Luther visited Rome. The poor monk, worn with penances and mental toil, was sent upon some business connected with his convent to the Papal court. He crossed the Alps full of faith and stirred by a strong excitement. He was about to enter that classic land with whose poets and historians he had long been familiar; he was to tread the sacred soil of Virgil, Cicero and Livy. But, more than this, he saw before him, rising in dim majesty, the Holy City of that church from whose faith he had never ventured to depart, whose entrance head was still to him almost the representative of deity, and whose principles and dogmas he had ever invested with an apostolic purity and grace. Rome, hallowed by the sufferings of the martyrs, filled with relics, and redolent with the piety of ages, the unadorned monk still supposed a scene of heavenly rest. "Hail, holy Rome!" he exclaimed, as he stepped down from his horse. His poetic dream was soon dispelled. Scarcely had he entered Italy when he was shocked and terrified by the luxury and license of the court, and the open depravity of the priesthood. He felt sick with sorrow and shame. He complained that the very air of Italy seemed deadly and pestiferous. But he wandered on feeble and sad, until he reached the Holy City, and there, amidst the mockery of his fellow-monks and the blasphemies of the impious clergy, performed with honest superstition the minute ceremonial of the church. Of all the pilgrims that that desecrated shrine, none was so devout as Luther. He was determined, he said, to escape the pains of purgatory, and win a plenary indulgence; he dragged his frail form with his knees up the painful ascent of the Holy Stairs, while ever in his ear resounded the cry: "The just shall live by faith." He heard with horror that the head of the church was a monster, stained with vice; that the cardinals were worse than their masters; the priests mocking unbelievers; and fled, heart-broken, back to his German cell.

Flattering Terms.  
A certain English actress, who values herself quite as highly as others do, was lately telegraphed to in the West to know her terms for playing the part of "Miranda" at the "Tempest" at the Twenty-third street Opera House. She replied: "One thousand dollars a week, third of the house clear once a week, one thousand dollars to break an engagement in St. Louis, and railroad expenses for three people from New Orleans." The manager replied: "Madam, your terms are much too low. You shall have all that comes in the house. Mr. Fisk will present you with the opera house and 200 miles of the Erie Railway, besides what personal property he has accumulated in a life of toil and sweat. I don't also all that he may make for the next five years, which, if we may judge of the past, will be no inconsiderable amount. If these terms should not meet with your approbation, it may be possible to make Gould give up what little he has, that the light of your regal, fulgent genius may not be lost on the stage."

An Illinois correspondent of the Country Gentleman has much faith in real estate. He says: "The sharpest and ablest man, with \$1,000 at starting, may buy and sell and trade and deal, add profit to profit, loan money at 20 per cent, and slave notes at 25 or 30, and feel and worry and stew through a long and laborious life, and at the end he will not have accumulated half as much as he would, had he made at starting, the same investment in real estate, sat down, took things coolly and waited on fortune. This is the average experience."

An English physician has just discovered that the moon passes successively, during its different phases, from a temperature of molten lead to that of the congelation of mercury. While the sun darts its rays upon her, a thermometer suitably constructed would indicate a temperature of nearly 500 deg. While on the contrary, upon the side opposite the sun, the instrument would descend to 70 deg. below zero, thus giving a fortnight of Siberian winter followed by a fortnight of super-tropical summer.

NASHVILLE.  
Mr. Nashy Dreams. The Democracy adopt the suggestion of their leading papers, and attempt to bury dead issues—What was Left of the Organization after the Completion of the Work.

POST OFFICE, CONSPICUOUSLY MARKED, (Which is in the State of Kentucky), May 5, 1899.

I notice in an evening paper which I got hold of last night (it came wrapped around a new book which Mirandy Pagan received from Louisville), that Vallandigham's organ, and in fact most of the Democratic papers in the North, had decided that the only hope for the Democracy is to bury the dead past, throw overboard the lumber, clear the decks for action, and go in to win.

Before I had finished reading the extracts, I fell into a most profound sleep, the words of the "Let us bury the dead past," being forcibly fixed in my mind. Sleepy I dreamed of a tall old man, with a long white beard, and a halo in front of an immense building which had been erected for the purpose of holding a Democratic National Convention. Over the entrance was this inscription: "Nothing succeeds like success—everything for success." He felt that I had a right to participate in anything Democratic I entered the building, and interposed myself to the Kennedy delegation, observed the proceedings. A committee had been appointed to "bury the dead past," and that committee was just reporting. They informed the convention that the Democracy was in a decidedly a bad way, and that they saw but one way out of the public wilderness in which this dead past had been for eight long years. Like second hand iron, without the manna to live on, the dead past, and that way was to bury the dead past, and throw overboard the dead weights that had fettered the Democracy and perverted on from within the hearts which they so much desired.

"Amen!" shouted Vallandigham aloud in an undertone, "that'll kill Pennington."

"Amen!" shouted Pennington, adding in a whisper to one of his guards who accompanied him to New York, "that kills of Vallandigham."

And each of the leaders followed "Amen!" feeling that the act of killing of everybody else. "It is well!" said the chairman, "Now, let's get at this work by burying the dead past as soon as possible, for the Lord knows there's enough of it to do. And when it's all done the Democracy, if it is not dead, will go on conquering and to conquer."

A horse was drawn up before the chairman's feet, and he said, "I have a horse to sell, and I shall we commence on."

"Free trade may be counted as a heavy part of the dead past," remarked a delegate from Pennsylvania.

"Hush it in!" yelled the Convention, and it was accordingly hushed.

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NEW FIRM.  
New Goods.  
The Dollar Store  
73 LAKE STREET.  
CHICAGO.  
WELCH AND WALLACE,  
Dealers in  
Stoves, Tin  
AND SHEET IRON WARE,  
FARMING IMPLEMENTS  
SHELF and HEAVY  
HARDWARE.  
SASH, GLASS and PUTTY.  
Manufacturers of  
EAVE TROUGHS, SPOUTING,  
and all kinds of  
TIN WARE.  
A fine assortment of  
Table and Pocket Cutlery.  
Grind-Stones and Hangings,  
Brooking and Crossing  
PLOWS,  
Fence-Wire, Etc., Etc.  
J. H. Welch, Wm. Wallace, Chas. Wallace,  
Winnebago City, Minn.  
April 7th, 1898.

HALL'S  
VEGETABLE SICILIAN  
HAIR RENEWER  
Is the only perfected and scientifically prepared preparation of its kind ever offered to the public, and has no competitor in merit. By its use GRAY HAIR is soon restored to its original youthful color and brilliancy, which is so much admired by all. Persons whose hair is thin or falling out, will, by the use of our Renewer, soon see its good effects, as, by its tonic and stimulating properties the hair glands will be incited and the hair grow thick and strong again. In cases of Baldness it will create a new growth unless the follicles are destroyed. It is cooling, and allays all itching and irritation of the scalp. It does not stain the skin as do dyes, but makes the scalp white and clean. As a DRESSING it is the best and most economical preparation in the world, as its effects last so much longer. Send for our Treatise on the hair, free to all, by mail.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, PROMOTES ITS GROWTH, AND IS A SLEND DRESSING. TRY ONE BOTTLE AND THICKEN UP THE THIN LOCKS!

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.  
COOK, COBURN & CO.  
Gen'l Agents for North-Western States,  
37 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. H. SPROUT,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Blue Earth City, Minn.  
212tf

IMPORTANT DECISION.  
After careful investigation by competent judges it has been fully and fairly decided that the best place to purchase

DRY GOODS,  
GROCERIES,  
HATS and GAPS,  
BOOTS and SHOES  
and in fact any kind of Goods, is at the Store  
R. M. Wilson,  
First door North of Post Office,  
where more Goods can be had for one dollar than any other

STORE  
in Faribault County.  
R. M. WILSON.  
v4n21tf pr N. W. SARGENT  
April 10th, 1897.

"How Can it be Done?"  
Is the cry of the crowds who throng  
The Dollar Store  
73 LAKE STREET.  
CHICAGO.  
"That every description and variety of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, LEATHER GOODS, JEWELRY, BOOKS, ALBUMS, SILVER-PLATED WARE, Etc., Etc., can be purchased at the extremely low price of ONE DOLLAR for each article, when the same goods cannot be obtained at any other place for double the amount, and which the Wholesale confers in cash, buy for that price?"

Extend the advantages of our immense wholesale and retail trade to those living at a distance, thus saving in express charges

Three-Fourths the Amount  
now paid, and giving a better quality of Goods than can be obtained of any Eastern Firm.

Send in your Clubs, or send for Circulars to  
ANNAND & CO.,  
73 Lake Street, Chicago.  
Goods at Wholesale to the Trade. 288w4

SALESMEN WANTED by a Manufacturing Co. to travel and sell by sample a new line of goods. Situation permanent. Age good. H. L. RICHARDS & CO., 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 288w4

WANTED, AGENTS.—"Wonder of the World." Is warranted to cure Hysteria and Neuralgia. Sold on the package system. Not to be paid for until tested. I pay \$50 per month and commission, to distribute packages. J. C. TILL, O'Connell, Pittsburgh, Pa. 288w4

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,  
Intely much improved—and the new  
Universal Clothes Wringer.



Improved with Russell's Patent Double Cup Wheels, and the Patent Sizer, are now unique. Durable for many years for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost in fuel, labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:  
"We like our machines much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty's we feel that we are masters of the position."  
—Rev. Bishop Scott, M. E. Church.  
"It is a great blessing to have it in my family."  
—A. Y. Tribune.

"In the Laundry of my house there is a portable Doty's, and we use it for washing all our clothes. It is a great blessing to have it in my family."  
—A. Y. Tribune.

"I have three hundred of the labor and time and pay for themselves, both in money and convenience."  
—New Orleans Post-Opinion.

"Friend Doty—Your last improvement of your Washing Machine is a complete success. I have used your Machine after a couple of months, thought none of it to this day, and would not be parted with under any circumstances."  
—Salem Democrat.

Send the retail price, washer, \$15, extra wringer, \$5, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to place where no one is selling; and so some are we they will be liked, they are so good, and we will return the money if any wishes to return the machine free of freight, after a month's trial according to directions.

Canvassers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.  
Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made.  
E. C. BROWNING, Gen. Agent,  
[255y1] 22 Canal St. New York

S. RICHARDSON  
Fresh and Salt Meats.  
LIQUORS and CIGARS,  
Smoking and Chewing Tobacco,  
AND  
SCHOOL BOOKS.  
He will pay the highest market price for

WHEAT,  
OATS, &  
HIDES.  
Winnebago City, May 26, 1899. 291tf

CAVES WNE AT D.  
NASH AT D.  
\$5 to \$10 per day.

To sell the new Immigrant letter paper, with a complete set of the statistics of Minnesota, printed in English, German, Norwegian, and Swedish; two pages blank for writing letters; price, \$1.00 per single copy, \$5.00 for four copies, in envelopes \$2.50 cents per copy. State paper cheaper.

Also, canvassers for a 50 cent edition of "Minnesota as it is in 1899." Every county and town included; to be issued in June. \$5.00 edition to follow, with a map of the State, also for advertisements. Send for circulars.  
J. W. McCLUNG & Co. Paul.

Lumber, Lumber, Lumber.  
McMAHILL & BEEBE  
Have just opened an extensive Lumber Yard in  
MANKATO,  
and will not be undersold.  
Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call on us before buying.  
Office at Boston's Photograph Rooms,  
Mankato, Wis., Feb. 1898. 292

MORTGAGE SALE.  
DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed on the first day of April, A. D. 1898, by Jerome Dane and Mary J. Dane, his wife, of Faribault county, State of Minnesota, parties of the first part, to Daniel N. Ware of the county and State aforesaid, party of the second part, to secure the payment of the sum of Two Hundred and Eighty-Eight (\$288) dollars, payable on or before April first, A. D. 1899, with interest at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum before and after due, till paid, according to the conditions of a promissory note made in connection with said mortgage, which said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Faribault county, State of Minnesota, on the tenth (10) day of April, A. D. 1898, at one (1) o'clock P. M., in Book "I" of mortgages, page 441. And whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured to be paid in and by said mortgage, and there is now actually due and unpaid thereon at the time of the first publication of this notice the sum of Three Hundred and Twenty-Five dollars and ninety-two cents (\$325.92), and the further sum of Thirty (30) dollars, stipulated in said mortgage to be paid as solicitor's fees in case of foreclosure, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statutes in such cases made and provided, said premises, being described as follows, to wit: The north west quarter of the south west quarter of section number fourteen (14), and the west one-half of the south east quarter and north east quarter of the south east quarter of section number fifteen (15), in township number one hundred and four (14) north of range number twenty-six (26) west, containing according to government survey, one hundred and sixty acres; and said sale of the aforesaid premises will be made by the sheriff of Faribault county or his lawful deputy, in which said county said premises are situated, at public venue, to the highest bidder as the law directs, and as authorized by said mortgage, at the front door of the Post Office in Winnebago City in said county of Faribault and State of Minnesota, on Friday, the 15th day of June, A. D. 1899, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to satisfy the amount then due on said note and mortgage and interest thereon, together with said sum of Thirty dollars solicitor's fees as aforesaid, and the costs and expenses allowed by law.

DANIEL N. WARE,  
Mortgagee.  
Dated Winnebago City, Minn., May 5th, 1899. 288w7

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE.  
DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain mortgage executed by Jerome Dane and Mary J. Dane, his wife, of Faribault county, State of Minnesota, to Henry E. Seymour or Franklin county, State of Vermont, dated April 1st, 1898, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Faribault county, Minnesota, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1898, at two o'clock P. M., in Book "I" of mortgages, on page 442, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of Two Hundred and Eighty-Eight (\$288) dollars and interest, according to the conditions of a certain promissory note bearing even date therewith, and made on or before April 1st, 1899, with interest at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, with principal and there is now at the date of this notice claimed to be due and unpaid thereon the sum of Two Hundred and Twenty-Five dollars and thirty-three cents (\$225.33), and the further sum of Thirty (\$30) dollars stipulated in said mortgage to be paid as solicitor's fees in case of foreclosure, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statutes in such cases made and provided; said premises being described as follows, to wit: The north west quarter of the south west quarter of section number fourteen (14), and the west one-half of the south east quarter and north east quarter of the south east quarter of section number fifteen (15), in township number one hundred and four (14) north of range number twenty-six (26) west, containing according to government survey, one hundred and sixty acres; and said sale of the aforesaid premises will be made by the sheriff of Faribault county or his lawful deputy, in which said county said premises are situated, at public venue, to the highest bidder as the law directs, and as authorized by said mortgage, at the front door of the Post Office in Winnebago City in said county of Faribault and State of Minnesota, on Friday, the 15th day of June, A. D. 1899, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to satisfy the amount then due on said note and mortgage and interest thereon, together with said sum of Thirty dollars solicitor's fees as aforesaid, and the costs and expenses allowed by law.

HENRY E. SEYMOUR,  
Mortgagee.  
Dated Winnebago City, Minn., May 5th, 1899. 288w7

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,  
ALBUMS,  
CHROMOS,  
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,  
501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
Ladies the attention of the Trade to their extensive assortment of the above of their own manufacture, selection and preparation.

Our popular new Photo-Thermometer of Barometric Thermometer, including the above of their own manufacture, selection and preparation.

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A vertical strip of a grid pattern, likely a page from a ledger or notebook, showing a series of empty rectangular cells. The grid is composed of thin black lines forming a series of squares. The strip is oriented vertically and appears to be a close-up of a larger sheet of paper. The left edge of the strip shows a slight shadow, suggesting it might be part of a bound volume. The right edge is a solid black line, possibly the edge of the page or the binding. The overall appearance is that of a clean, unused section of a document.



PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS  
AT WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN.  
By E. A. HITCHCOCK,  
Editor & Proprietor.

The Free Homestead will be mailed one year to any address, for one dollar and fifty cents. If not paid in advance, the price will be two dollars.  
Notices inserted in the reading columns will be charged three cents a line for the first insertion, and one cent a line for each subsequent insertion.  
Advertisements occupying one inch of space, inserted one week for one dollar. One column one year, seven dollars, and all others in proportion.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, AND OTHER  
blanks, neatly printed, and for sale at the  
Homestead Office.

Andrew C. Dunn,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law in Winnebago  
City, Minn., will attend to professional busi-  
ness throughout the State. 1744

Dr. J. P. Humes,  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office at his residence on Cleveland street, second  
house east of the Post Office, Winnebago City,  
Minn.

J. A. SPROUT,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
240 North City, Minn.

Head's Hotel  
BLU EARTH CITY, MINN.  
This popular hotel is entirely new, and furnished  
in excellent style.  
Billiard tables are connected with the house, and  
there is good stabling on the premises.  
2424

COLLINS HOTEL,  
Winnebago City, Minnesota.

E. G. & A. P. COLLINS, Proprietors.  
Excellent accommodations, a 4 charges mod-  
erate.  
Stages leave this house for all points. 2374

CONFECTION HOUSE,  
BLU EARTH CITY, MINN.  
H. P. CONSTANT, Proprietor.  
This popular hotel is entirely new, and furnished  
in excellent style.  
Billiard tables are connected with the house, and  
there is good stabling on the premises.  
2424

P. K. WISER,  
Practical Watch-Maker, and  
JEWELER, Mankato, Minn.  
DEALER IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silver-Ware. Re-  
pairing neatly executed and warranted.

C. J. FARLEY,  
HOMOEOPATHIC  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Winnebago City,  
OFFICE AT THE DRUG STORE. 2754

MANKATO HOUSE  
GROVER C. BURT, Proprietor.  
HAVING refurnished throughout the above  
well known house, the proprietor asks a  
continuance of public patronage. Good stable  
accommodations are connected with the house.  
Charges moderate. 259

R. WATTE,  
JEWELER,  
BLU EARTH CITY, MINN.  
Has constantly on hand Clocks, Watches, Jew-  
elry, Silver-ware, Gold Work, Musical Instru-  
ments, etc. Repairing done with dispatch and war-  
ranted. 2384

D. WEIRLE,  
Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
HAS received his complete stock of American  
and imported Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.  
Repairing warranted as represented.  
FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE THE ELGIN HOUSE,  
Mankato, Minn. 2554

C. W. MURPHY & CO.,  
Books & Stationery,  
POST OFFICE BUILDING, FRONT ST.,  
MANKATO, MINN.  
Particular attention paid to Music Orders.

SHERIDAN J. ABBOTT,  
Attorney & Counselor at Law,  
Notary Public and Conveyancer.  
Particular attention paid to the Collec-  
tion of Debts and Payment of Taxes.  
ALL BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
Winnebago City, Minn., Aug. 30, 1885  
2544

WINNEBAGO CITY HOTEL.  
C. S. KIMBALL, Proprietor.

Stages leave this Hotel Mondays and Thurs-  
days for the nearest Railroad station, and Tues-  
days and Saturdays for the West.  
A good livery is connected with the Hotel,  
and there are ample accommodations for com-  
muters. 2124

GRIEBEL & BROTHER,  
Wholesale and retail dealers in  
BOOTS, SHOES,  
Leather, Findings, Shoemakers' Tools, etc.  
Opposite the Post Office, Mankato, Minn.

BARRETT HOUSE,  
Corner of Second and Cherry Sts.,  
MANKATO, MINN.  
L. G. BARRETT, Proprietor.

THE above house, just completed and furnish-  
ed in new throughout, is opened to the public  
accommodations unsurpassed by any public  
house in the country, and terms reasonable.  
Farmers will always find a comfortable home,  
plenty of good food, and the best of care for their  
horses. 2574

Winnebago City and Waseca  
STAGE LINE  
Leaves Winnebago City, Mondays, Wednesdays,  
and Fridays.  
Leaves Waseca, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays,  
and Sundays.  
This route lies through WILTON, MINNESOTA,  
LAKE, OPAHAWAN, and BAY LAKE.  
Passengers by this line and popular route will save  
TWENTY MILES of travel, and will ride  
only in the day-time, going through OSHKOSH.  
THOMAS GEORGE, Proprietor.  
Winnebago City, Nov. 1884. 2444

"POWERFUL" - "HA!" - "SLEEPY" - "DRINK!"  
Says - "I don't."  
"REGENERATOR"  
Restaurant and Saloon.  
Opposite the COLLINS HOUSE, Winnebago City.  
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
Cassano, Old Cognac, and Habano.  
Fresh Oysters served in every style, and for  
sale by the Can or Keg.  
Gentlemen, I keep good Liquors.  
A. E. WICKHAM.  
Winnebago City, Dec. 9, 1885. 2844

# Free Homestead.

VOL. 6. NO. 33.

WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 293.

## THE WELCOME SLEEP.

BY EDNA DEAN JOHNSON.  
*His gaze fell serene  
Ere death's embrace.*

Day by day, when the clear wind blows  
Soft by the door the old man goes,  
With his cautious step and his thin, white hair  
Lightly tossed by the wafting air.  
Slowly down the street he walks,  
And sometimes he to himself he talks  
Of the mother and the childhood times,  
The faded face and the Sabbath chimes,  
And the wife and the lady gone to rest  
Long ago, in the earth's green breast.  
Then on his staff he leans, to mark  
The steps that lead to the harbor bar.  
And his dreamy, wandering look  
Has sailed from the land where he was born.  
He thinks of the life he has led;  
He sees the fleet gulls seaward fly,  
And the noise of the ocean meet in the air.  
Like the hopes that have vanished fleet and fair.  
"Rest, O Father!" I hear him say -  
"When will the evening end the day  
And the first have passed leave to creep  
Under the cool and quiet sod,  
Into the sleep so long and deep  
That falls on the weary eyes from God?"

A maiden, by the old man's side,  
Looks tenderly across the sea;  
The wind, from off the waters wild,  
Sweeps the gulls in snowy whiffs,  
And backward blows her chestnut curls,  
As in a dream she dwells.

Poised on her slender foot, to mark  
The ships that homeward veer the bar,  
And think how soon will rise the bark,  
That bears her love from her afar.  
And all the joy of bride and wife  
Comes, faintly in her face to shine.  
"Oh, how she eyes me!" How sweet the life!  
"Oh, when will I drink your health like wine;  
For I know you wait over the foaming sea,  
In sea and in land, my love to me!"

"That wings her thoughts to the white gulls' sea,  
Deep mid the reef of the ocean's sea,  
Has watched that bark and the sail it bore,  
She will sigh for the gleams of the vanished star,  
And the form that lies, where the sea dunes throw,  
Rocked by the swell of the heaving tide."  
"Till hope is dead and her white lips dry,  
"When will the evening end the day,  
And the first have passed leave to creep  
Under the cool and quiet sod,  
Into the sleep so long and deep  
That falls on the weary eyes from God?"

"Ah! we are all like the motion fair,  
Or the faint old man with the silver hair!  
We have seen the sails of the spring decay,  
And the gold of the morning turn to gray;  
We, of some harbor, with eager eyes  
We watch for a bark that will never rise,  
Thrilled with joy at the dazzling gleam,  
That has borne our all to the gulf's foam."  
"And, early or late, we too, shall say,  
"When will the evening end the day,  
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## A Tale of Egypt.

Some years ago, the Zabit Bey,  
or head of the police, then a more impor-  
tant character than at present—was  
making his rounds on horseback, accom-  
panied by Abu Halim, the executioner,  
a scribe, and a torch-bearer. He had pass-  
ed from the Bab-el-Nasr to the Kara  
Meydan, and found all quiet; not a  
soul abroad; not a single suspicious sound  
in the air. He was about to retire to  
his palace, when the fancy struck him to  
explore a mass of ruined houses near the  
southern end of the square, and as a  
resort of robbers. Being a bold man,  
daring did not appall him; and leaving  
his horse and scribe under the shadow of  
a wall, he penetrated, followed only by  
his constant attendant, Abu Halim, into  
the gloomy alleys that intersect the sus-  
picious quarter. He wandered about  
for some time without seeing anything  
to reward his industry; but at length a  
light, twinkling in a distant ruin, attract-  
ed his attention. Loosening his pistols,  
and feeling that his sword would easily  
cut through the wall, he kept still at  
his heels, the Zabit began to climb  
cautiously over a heap of rubbish, and  
following a low wall, broken down here  
and there, at length reached the neigh-  
borhood of the light.

It turned in a small room, the roof of  
which yet remained, whilst one side was  
half ruined. Three men—two fellows,  
the other a black—sat there, talking un-  
reservedly, as if quite secure from being  
overheard. At first it was difficult to  
understand the subject, but the prac-  
ticed ear of the Zabit at length made  
out, from very disjointed materials, a  
most terrible story. It appeared that  
the black was the slave of a very distin-  
guished person in Cairo, an Effendi,  
whose name I forget, but whose charac-  
ter for benevolence and kindness of dis-  
position was wide spread. He had not  
long before married a young wife, and  
had become so enamored of her that he  
had dismissed all his concubine slaves,  
and had determined to devote himself  
entirely to the beautiful Kadgah. As  
he was a very wealthy, besides being an  
excellent man, every one celebrated the  
good fortune of the bride; and it was  
repeated even in the bazars among the  
women, generally so clear-sighted, that  
she was the happiest bride in Cairo.

From the conversation of the three  
miscreants in the ruin, the Zabit first  
learned the falsity of this opinion. Not  
only did the young woman detest her  
husband, in spite of his fine qualities,  
but she was enamored of a worthless  
young rake, named Selim Aga, who gave  
more trouble to the police by his pranks  
than had a dozen thieves. She had al-  
ready confessed to have several inter-  
views with him, and he had, in return,  
had devised a plan for assassinating  
her husband, and uniting herself in due  
time with her paramour. It was to play  
the consummation of this crime that the  
black, no other than the lady's confidant,  
had summoned two villains of his ac-  
quaintance to a midnight conference.  
After some debating of the price, it was  
agreed that next evening the assassins  
should be admitted into the garden,  
where the husband used to sit and enjoy  
his key with the treacherous Kadgah.

Under other circumstances, the Zabit  
would have at once presented himself,  
and, trusting to the aid inspired by his  
position, have arrested the plotters; but  
he thought to himself that the Effendi,  
known to be infatuated with his wife,  
might disbelieve in her participation,  
and might thus, though once saved, fall  
a victim at a future period. Besides, it  
must be confessed that he was not quite  
sure of the complicity of Selim Aga, and  
hoped that the young scamp might con-  
fess himself so far as to render himself  
liable to punishment, and thus remove  
the police from one of their chief annoy-  
ances. He resolved, therefore, to be  
prudent, and allowed the confabula-  
tion to break up in peace. Then he returned  
to where his horse waited, and rode  
home quite elated at being engaged in  
so exciting an adventure.

To complicate the affair, it is said that  
Abu Halim, the headman, recognized in  
one of the hired assassins his own  
brother, from whom he had been sepa-  
rated many years ago. Whilst glaring  
over the shoulder of his chief, he had  
not uttered a single sound that might  
warn the criminals of their danger,  
knowing that his own life would thus be  
periled; but he resolved next morning  
to go forth and endeavor to save him  
in favor of whom spoke the eloquent  
voice of blood. While the Zabit yet  
slept, therefore, Abu Halim was abroad,  
and directing his steps towards some of  
the well-known haunts of criminals. He  
penetrated boldly everywhere, exciting  
surprise and curiosity, for his office was  
known, but molested by none. For sev-  
eral hours he passed from coffee house to  
coffee-house, from ruin to ruin, and now  
and then ventured to ask if a man, his  
brother, with such and such marks, had  
been there. But he was unsuccessful, and  
returned, agitated, to the palace.

About an hour afterwards one of the  
police spies came, and whispered into  
the Zabit's ear:  
"Abu Halim has been abroad this  
morning, inquiring for his brother, de-  
scribed in such wise; but he has been  
disappointed."

"Good!" said the Zabit, who under-  
stood all, and anticipated with ferocious  
glee a more dramatic termination to the

## adventure than it at first promised.

No warning was given to the Effendi;  
but immediately after it was dark a num-  
ber of men concealed themselves in the  
neighborhood of his garden; whilst the  
Zabit himself, by means of a false key,  
got in, attended by Abu Halim and two  
other officers. They went and took their  
station in a thick grove of fig-trees mixed  
with bananas, in the neighborhood of  
the lighted kitchen, selected as the theatre  
of the intended crime. When they  
were in position the Zabit turned to Abu  
Halim, and said, touching a pistol—  
"Now, my brother, hold your breath—the  
grating of a pebble, and thou art a dead  
man!"

"Hush!" replied the executioner,  
touching his head with his right hand,  
and beginning to tremble.

The assassins were to be admitted by  
the same gate that had been used by the  
Zabit; and in about an hour the black  
came down the garden, looking cautiously  
about, and let them in.

They hid themselves in an old ruined  
kiosk, not far from the brightly-lighted  
new one; and little thought that they  
were observed from all sides, that the  
head of the police himself was there, and  
that every avenue of retreat was guard-  
ed.

Selim Aga had only in reality heard  
some vague hints of what was to be done,  
and had turned off the idea with  
laughter. The fact was, he did not wish  
a mere intrigue to end in a marriage,  
especially in such a way. Kadgah,  
however, in order, perhaps to compro-  
mise him, had given him a rendezvous  
that evening, and expected him to arrive  
as usual as the murderer was concluded.

She had so arranged her plans, that she  
felt certain of success; and believed that  
the fact of her husband would be at-  
tributed to any one rather than to her-  
self. It happened, however, among  
other things to her disappointments, that  
a former mistress of Selim, who lived in  
the streets, and who still loved him, had  
noticed his frequent visits, and on that  
night had seen the police-officers con-  
cealing themselves. She guessed that  
the young rake might be in danger, and  
going forth, threw herself in his way,  
and warned him to retire to his house;  
which he did.

Meanwhile, servants had brought sup-  
per to the kiosk, and the Effendi had  
eaten, whilst Kadgah waited upon him  
with more than usual complaisance.  
She was a most stately personage to be-  
hold; and the Zabit, as he looked at  
her, thought what an awkward thing it  
would be for him were she not guilty, as  
he now, having violated the harem, fer-  
vently hoped she really was. Suspense  
was soon at an end; for Kadgah, hav-  
ing noticed a sign from the attendant  
black, suddenly, her face changing to  
that of a demon, rose and began to pour  
out all her hate in the ears of her asto-  
nished husband. At the same time the  
murderers rushed forth; but the Zabit  
stood in hand, leaped into the kiosk;  
his men followed; and others who had quietly  
got over the wall, burst out on all  
hands; and the three criminals, includ-  
ing the black, were secured.

The horrible scene that ensued may be  
lightly passed over. The Zabit with  
unnecessary ferocity, compelled Abu  
Halim to execute his own brother, and  
the other culprits to the spot, and then  
insisted that Kadgah likewise should  
be put to death. But the Effendi  
could not be brought to consent, until  
the Zabit reminded him that she had  
been seen unveiled by a dozen men.  
Then the wretched husband hid his face  
in his hands, and Abu Halim did the  
work without reluctance. Next day,  
the Zabit went to the house of Selim  
Aga, and asked to see him. The young  
man, pale and trembling, rose as he en-  
tered, but fell back as if struck by a  
thunderbolt when holding out a bloody  
handkerchief, the stern official muttered,  
"From Kadgah!" The story was  
soon told; and it is said that Selim,  
well frightened, became a reformed man  
from that time; but who believes in re-  
formed rakes, reformed smokers, or  
reformed gamblers?—*Village Life in  
Egypt, published by Fields, Osgood  
& Co.*

"The Life I Live in the Flesh," says  
the apostle. Look at him busy at his  
tent-making. What an apostle mak-  
ing tents? What a son, brethren, to  
the Archbishop of Canterbury stitching  
away for his living? It is too low for a  
State bishop certainly, but not too low  
for Paul. I do not think the apostle  
was ever more apostolic than when he  
picked up sticks. When Paul and his  
companions were shipwrecked at Melita  
the Apostle was of more service than all  
the Pan-Anglican Synod with their silk  
aprons, for he set to work like other  
people to gather fuel for the fire; he  
wanted to warm himself as other men,  
and therefore took his share of the  
toil.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The task of self-government is not  
easy. To repress a harsh answer, to  
confess a fault, and to stop—right or  
wrong—in the midst of self-defense, in  
gentle submission, sometimes requires a  
struggle like life and death; but these  
three efforts are the golden threads,  
with which domestic happiness is woven.  
Once begun the fabric with this wool, and  
truth shall not break or sorrow tarnish  
it.

## Protection of the West.

How can the interests of the West be  
subservient to protection? She has a  
soil of unsurpassed fertility, and a climate  
most favorable for the display of physi-  
cal energy. Of the vast area included in  
the eight Northwestern States, less than  
one-fifth has been subdued and brought  
under cultivation. On the other four-  
fifths the soil has not been disturbed,  
and awaits the arrival of the hard-fisted  
immigrant. Here is room for one hun-  
dred millions of the human family, and  
within the memory of living men, twelve  
millions have found homes. From the  
absence of materials for construction, it  
is necessary that railroads and settle-  
ment should advance with equal pace.

It is necessary for our development  
that we should pay two prices for our  
railroad iron, and that iron should be ex-  
clusively furnished by American, that is  
to say, by Pennsylvania mills? Was  
this bribe necessary to secure the assent  
of that State before she would accede to  
the union, by an iron girdle, of the Pa-  
cific slope and the Mississippi Valley?

Now as to the price of the thing. Let  
him select from the price-current of Chi-  
cago and Liverpool, on any given day in  
the year, the relative price of wheat, one  
of our most prominent articles of export,  
and of railroad iron, one of our most  
prominent articles of import, and he will  
find that the Liverpool price of wheat is  
the Chicago price, with the cost of trans-  
portation added;











TO A GINNY FOUL.  
That comes and squawks under my window periodically and makes me mad exceedingly.  
You miserable speckled critter, you!  
What a nuisance you are!  
Does anything hurt you? Or do you squawk that way in things where you come from?  
And to squawk more from educational privilege?  
What a mischief do you pull your honey head out from your wing and speak for?  
What's under your wing to make you squawk you speckled cuss?  
Something offensive, I reckon, elsewise you'd keep it in there for it looks better hid.  
What do you get on the fence and squawk for?  
Do you see anything alarming, you white-gilded, speckled-feathered, squawking fool?  
How do you suppose a fellow can read or write, or sleep, or live, you discordant old hatched Brass French horn, with all the keys open, and with the mouth-piece cracked?  
I wish I could pizen you, you creature in perpetuum squawking machine!  
What're you thinking about? Home?  
You rascally epitome of a Ginny war-gong.  
A Congo tin-tin and conch-shell.  
And a down-out village brass band!  
By up! you speckled parrot of a unschooling-shop!  
Do you think that's music, you outrageous vocal atrocity!  
You boiler-maker's exaggerated echo!  
You squawking abstract of Pandemonium.  
Do you think a fellow can afford to furnish boots-jacks.  
And so forth to chuck you with daily, dog you?  
May be you think it funny, you speckled pagan of African origin!  
Is your squawking, sass? or are you facet of me, sass?  
You brass-throated, sheet-iron lunged cantillation.  
Of foul creation? Here's my blackin' bush at you.

HOME TALK.  
A Visit to Bommer's Stables.  
A writer in the *Truf, Field and Farm* gives a description of a visit to the stables of Bommer, from which the following is extracted:  
A few steps from the avenue, on the south side of the street, we observed a brick building with tin roof and solid construction, standing back about ten feet from the regular front. A high and close board fence enclosed the lot and keeps the public at a safe distance. As the door slams behind us, a boy astride a horse, hooded and covered, comes round the corner of the building. The circular path is made of tuck-park, and as we glance at the horse, in spite of his disguise, we recognize Lantern, twenty years old, but still robust, still full of fire, and as fleet as ever on the road or track. He passes on, and we enter the stable. The first apartment is used as a carriage-house and sitting-rooms for the grooms. The walls are ornamented with prints of racing and trotting horses, and an equal temperature is preserved by a large stove, the heat regulated by the thermometer hanging near by. Above are sleeping rooms, mows and granaries. On the left is a row of wagons of various build; this vehicle with the pole sometimes is drawn by Lady Palmer and Peerless; that light affair, so light that it appears a mere toy, was made for Pocahontas; and this strong top wagon, standing in the middle of the floor, robe and whip arranged as if for a drive, is kept for Dexter. We pass on to the second apartment, and standing in the first stall on the right is a chestnut mare with a blood-like look. This we know, without being told, is Lady Palmer. Those legs were made for speed; firm as steel, and without a blemish. In the adjoining stall is the finest of Shetland ponies, the fastest animal of its size in the country, which is the special property of Mr. Bommer's children. In the stall on the right is the handsomest and speediest of mares—Pocahontas, a model of equine beauty. She is a picture worthy of the study of an artist. You should see her on Harlem lane responding to the sharp call of that clever reinman, Mr. Dexter Bommer! In such a moment, so rapidly fly the feet that they look like indefinite shadows to the eye, and the swoop of the swallow is not more full of grace, or more charged with lightning. The mare is looking well, and she will go faster on the road this summer. The last stall on the right is reserved for Lantern, and in the first box on the left is Dexter, the marvel of our time. There is but little surplus flesh about him, and to-morrow, so perfect is his condition, he would make a fast race if the ground were favorable. As Mr. Bommer was to drive him this afternoon we stopped to see the harness thrown on him, and, as we watched the operation, we observed that his owner drives him without blinds, and with a plain bar-bit covered.

Adjoining Dexter's box was the comfortable and roomy quarters of the game and handsome mare, Peerless, Arabian white, and smoothly built as the steeds of the desert. Well she named, for on this green earth we doubt if you can find her peer in form, courage and speed. In the back yard there are box-stalls. In one of these we found Flatbush Maid, a rich bay, growing in years, but still looking young and vigorous. Her eye is bright. Her limbs sound, and to-day, perhaps, she is as fast as she was in the most glorious period of her life.  
An exchange says that tomato vines tied up to stakes or walls come into bearing earlier and bear later and a great deal more than when left to sprawl upon the ground. Of course it is a little trouble to train them, but not so much as the same amount of fruit requires in the slovenly method of culture.  
An acre of sweet corn, sowed broadcast, for every ten cows, and fed out in the dry season when pastures run short, will keep up the flow of milk surprisingly, and prove very remunerative.  
What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaping machine.

Keep the Money at Home.  
Never send a dollar out of the State to purchase a tool for the farm, if a home-made one can be found. If there is a reaper or mower manufactured in the State, purchase in preference to those from abroad, even if it is not quite so good. Take plows for instance. There are thousands sold in our midst every year that are brought from the four corners of the Union. They are not what we want; often the price is high; and yet our farmers will purchase them when they can get those manufactured here at home that are a thousand per cent. better in every sense of the word. It is necessary that we should keep our money in the State. Every farmer should feel an interest in building up home manufactures, and encourage them by purchasing from them the articles they require for farm cultivation.—*Farmer's Union*.

Burning Straw.  
We want to "take Time by the forelock," and beg our Minnesotans farmers to stop the practice of burning their straw this fall. It would be much better to procure stock and let them eat it up. If that cannot be done, let them put it into stacks, and in a few years it will not make manure. We have no chickens here to burn up, and by the time the straw has become well rotted we will warrant that farmers will be glad to get it to enrich their land. It is almost wicked to burn straw. It can be used for a better purpose in different ways. The constant drain upon our soil by crop after crop being taken off without manure, will soon impoverish the land to such an extent that fertilizers will come into general use.—*Farmer's Union*.

Mutton.  
The mutton in Minnesota generally is not the mutton of other States. It has a sheepish flavor. It is sheep served up in any way and every way. There is room for improvement in regard to Minnesota mutton. Let us have the Cotswold, Leicester and Southdowns for mutton, instead of the Merino. The latter will do for wool, but the mutton of the Merino is poor meat. In other States mutton has a fine flavor. It is tender and palatable. Here it is seldom found possessing these good qualities. The reason is the Merino, or grades of that blood, are about the only breed in the State, and they are better for wool than mutton.—*Farmer's Union*.

TRIM YOUR WICKS.—The coal oil flue is killing its victims constantly. Anything which will avert the danger should be known. The Burlington *Argus* says:  
"The explosion is caused by a practice of neglecting to cut off the charred portions of the wick when the lamp is filled; observation will show that in a few days' use, the wick becomes like charcoal in composition, for an inch below the top of the tube containing it, and after the lamp has burned a short time, the heated tube fires all the charred portion of the wick inside, and that sets the oil on fire below. This may be prevented by cutting off a sufficient portion of the charred wick, each day after using the lamp."

SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The *Call* furnishes the following as a sure cure for this painful disease: "Boil a small portion of potatoes, and bathe the part affected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, as hot as can be applied, immediately before going to bed. The pains will be removed, or at least alleviated, by the next morning. Some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have lately been cured by one application of this novel and simple remedy."

Fuchsias are the most graceful of all cultivated plants. Nothing can surpass the beauty of well grown specimens. They are of easy culture; plants rooted from the cuttings in January, can be grown with care to six feet in height in June by due attention to re-potting as they make root. They do best in rich soil, in a comparatively cool and shady situation.

POTATO PIE.—Mix the crust in the same manner as for chicken or beef steak pie, and place it in a deep dish, or dripping pan; cut into it, one small onion, and fill even full with finely sliced potatoes; add a little butter, and pour into the pan as much sweet milk and cream as it will contain. Season with salt, and pepper to suit the taste, cover, and bake in a slow oven.

Henry Ward Beecher thinks the only way to exterminate the thistle is to plant it for a crop, and propose to make money out of it. He says, then the worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, beetles will bore it, aphides will suck it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rains will drown it, and mildew and blight will cover it.

Too EARLY.—Cabbages are frequently set out too early in the season. Those for winter use should never be transplanted before the 20th of June, or even the 25th of that month. For early use the earlier the better.—*Farmer's Union*.

CURE FOR CROUP.—A distinguished French physician announces that the white of an egg, given in sweetened water, is a sure cure for the croup. The remedy must be repeated until a cure is effected.—*Exchange*.

According to experiments made at the Michigan Agricultural College, the amount of milk consumed by pigs to produce one pound of increase was, for the first week, 7.20 lbs.; for the second week, 7.70 lbs.; for the third week, 12.52 lbs.; for the fourth week, 10.56 lbs.

LEMON PIE.—Two lemons, squeeze the juice, chop the rind very fine, add one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one teaspoon raisins chopped, three eggs. Beat all up together then add one cup water and a pinch of salt, and you will have something extra for lemon pies.

Common shellac dissolved in alcohol makes the strongest cement for wood; it will unite the fractured legs of chairs and tables as firmly as if they had never been broken.

Medicine to make hens lay—bone meal.  
The man who could not "trust his feelings" is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

They err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

If those old giants, who essayed to capture heaven by heaping hills on hills, had gone to their work by heaping prayers on prayers, they would have succeeded.

IMPORTANT DECISION.  
After careful investigation by competent judges it has been fully and fairly decided that the best place to purchase

DRY GOODS,  
GROCERIES,  
HATS and CAPS,  
BOOTS and SHOES

and in fact any kind of Goods, is at the Store

R. M. Wilson,

First door North of Post Office,

where more Goods can be had for one dollar than any other

STORE

in Faribault County.

R. M. WILSON.

4th 21st pr N. W. SARGENT

April 5th, 1887.

E. F. HARLOW,

INSURANCE AGENT.

Dealer in

Real Estate & Land Warrants.

WILL BUY AND SELL

TOWN and COUNTY ORDERS.

Pay Taxes, Exchange Titles, &c.

Is also AGENT for the

Phoenix Insurance Company,

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDERWRITERS,

OF NEW YORK,

AND

FIRE & MARINE,

of St. Paul, Minn.

Also Notary Public & Conveyancer.

OFFICE—in the rear of the Post Office building, up stairs.

22nd Winnebago City, Minn.

NEW FALL GOODS!

C. McCABE

HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Crockery and

GLASSWARE,

Prints, DeLaines, Bleached and

Unbleached Cotton,

DRESS GOODS, GENTS' READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Hats and Caps, Cloths,

GRAIN SACKS, NOTIONS, &c.

Also, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Syrup, Molasses, Kerosene and Machine Oil, Wheat, Oats, Flour, &c.

Crockery: Cups and Saucers, Plates, Meat Dishes, Ewers and Basins

Glass Lamps and Chimneys, Cornet Sax Bureaus and Chimneys,

Lanterns, Tumblers, Goblets,

LOOKING GLASSES, &c.,

and BOOTS and SHOES made to order and repairing neatly done.

20th

LIVERY, SALE &

EXCHANGE STABLE.

Horses to let at all hours, day or night. Horses to sell or exchange. Cash paid for Oats, Corn and Hay. Livery, oats, straw and stabling at reasonable rates. Office in Winnebago City Hotel, and Stable in the rear. KINCAID BROS. Winnebago City, Jan. 12th, 1889. 27th

WHEELER, RICE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Rod and Mould-Board

Breaking Plows

AND

Crossing Plows,

Warranted to score in any kind of soil, and hauled by a process known only to ourselves.

CORN PLOWS,

Manufactured entirely of iron and steel.

HARROWS

Of the most approved pattern. Also

LUMBER WAGONS

BUGGIES,

AND

SLEIGHS,

Manufactured from Eastern timber.

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING DONE BY FIRST CLASS WORKMEN.

Winnebago City, Minn., Feb. 17th, 1887.

NEW FIRM.

New Goods.

WELCH AND WALLACE,

Dealers in

Stoves, Tin

AND SHEET IRON WARE,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

SHELF and HEAVY

HARDWARE.

SASH, GLASS and PUTTY.

Manufacturers of

EAVE TROUGHS, SPOUTING,

and all kinds of

TIN WARE.

A fine assortment of

Table and Pocket Cutlery.

Grind-Stones and Hangings,

Breaking and Crossing

PLOWS,

Fence-Wire, &c., &c.

J. H. Welch, Wm. Wallace, Chas. Wallace. Winnebago City, Minn.

April 7th, 1888.

Patent Pocket Corn Sheller.

(A GREAT NOVELTY! Quick Sales! Profits over 200 per cent.) We offer Territorial Rights in the Western, Southern, and New England States. Send for circular. Address, Wm. J. Jones, Manufacturers, Pittsburg, Pa. 27th

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

Secret History

OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The astonishing revelations and startling disclosures made in this work, are creating the most intense desire in the minds of the people to obtain it. The secret political intrigues, &c., of Davis and other Confederate leaders, with the hidden mysteries from "Behind the Scenes in Richmond," are thoroughly unfolded. Send for Circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 82-1

"How Can it be Done?"

Is the cry of the crowds who throng

The Dollar Store

73 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO,

"That every description and variety of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, LEATHER GOODS, JEWELRY, BOOKS, ALBUMS, SILVER-PLATED WARE, &c., &c., can be purchased at the extremely low price of ONE DOLLAR for each article, when the same goods cannot be obtained at any other place for double the amount, and which the Wholesaler confesses he cannot buy for that price?"

We reply: We have buyers constantly at the East, by whom job lots are obtained at enormous discounts, and, besides, a large portion of our goods are imported direct from European Manufacturers.

Having, also, every facility possessed by the largest "Dollar Store" firms of Boston, we will, by means of the

CLUB SYSTEM

extend the advantages of our immense wholesale and retail trade to those living at a distance, thus saving express charges

Three-Fourths the Amount

now paid, and giving a better quality of Goods than can be obtained at any Eastern firm.

Send in your Clubs, or send for Circulars to

ANNAND & CO.,

73 Lake Street, Chicago.

Goods at Wholesale to the Trade. 28th

SALESMEN WANTED by a Manufacturing Co. to travel and sell by sample a new line of goods. Situations permanent; wages good. H. RICHARDS & CO., 415 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 28th

WANTED, AGENTS.—Wonder of the World? It is warranted to cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Sold on the package system. Not to be paid for until tested. I pay \$50 per month and commission to distribute packages. J. C. TILSON, Pittsburgh, Pa. 28th

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,

lately much improved—and the new

Universal Clothes Wringer,

Improved with Rosell's Patent Double Cog-Wheels, and the Patent Stop, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:

"We like our machines much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position."

—Rev. Bishop Scott, M. E. Church, L. O.

"It is worth one dollar a week in any family."

—In the Laundry of my house there is a perpetual thanksgiving on Mondays for the invention of your excellent wringer."—Rev. Theodore L. Carter.

"Every week has given it a stronger hold upon the affections of the inmates of the laundry."

—J. Y. Oberster.

"I heartily commend it to economists of time, money and contentment."—Rev. Dr. Bellows.

"They save three-fourths of the labor and time, and pay for themselves, both in money and contentment."—New Orleans Picayune.

"Fried Doty's—Your last improvement of your Washing Machine is a complete success. I assure you 'our Machine,' after a year's use, is thought more of to day than ever, and would not be parted with under any circumstances."—John Robinson.

PRICES.

Send the retail price, washer, \$15, extra wringer \$10, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we that they will be sold, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial according to directions.

Conveyers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made.

R. C. BROWNING, Gen. Agent, [2551] 32 Cortlandt St., New York.

S. RICHARDSON

Keeps Constantly on Hand

FLOUR AND FEED,

Fresh and Salt Meats,

LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

AND

SCHOOL BOOKS.

He will pay the highest market price for

WHEAT,

OATS, &

HIDES.

Winnebago City, May 26, 1889. 29th

CAVSES WANTED.

\$5 to \$10 per day.

To sell the new immigration letter paper, with a compendium of the statistics of Minnesota to immigrants, printed in English, German, Norwegian, and Swedish; two pages for writing letters; price, \$1.00 per single quire, \$3.00 for four quires, in quires \$2.12 cents per quire. Note paper cheaper.

Also, canvassers for a 50-cent edition of "Minnesota as it is in 1889." Every county and town included; to be issued in June. A \$2.00 edition to follow, with a map of the State, also for advertisements. Send for circulars. J. W. McCLUNG St. Paul.

29th

Lumber, Lumber, Lumber.

McMAHILL & BEEBE

Have just opened an extensive Lumber Yard in

MANKATO.

and will not be undersold.

Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call on us before buying.

Office at Beebe's Photograph Rooms. Mankato, Oct. 7th, 1888. 29th

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN

AND

Lake Shore Railway,

TOLEDO & CLEVELAND.

The ONLY LINE RUNNING THROUGH TRAINS Between

CHICAGO AND BUFFALO

WITHOUT TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS OR BAGGAGE.

Making this the most Comfortable, Expeditious and Only Direct Route to

Cleveland, Erie, Dunkirk, Buffalo,

AND ALL POINTS IN

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND.

All the principal Railways of the North-west and Southwest connect at Chicago with the Four Daily Express Trains of the Michigan Southern Railway, leaving Chicago at 4.15 a. m., 8.00 a. m., 5.15 p. m. and 9.00 p. m.

Elegant Drawing Room Coaches

On Day Express Train, Leaving Chicago at 8.00 A. M.

Palace Sleeping Coaches Daily

On the 5.05 and 9.00 p. m.

Through Express Trains For

Buffalo.

Passengers for Detroit, and all points in Canada, and those for Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and New England, should purchase tickets via Michigan Southern Railway, which are on sale at all principal Railway Ticket Offices, and at the Company's Office.

No. 56 Clark Street, Chicago.

F. E. MORSE,

Gen'l Pass. Agt., M. S. R. R. Co., Chicago.

OTIS KIMBALL, Gen'l Agt., L. S. and M. S. Line, Buffalo, N. Y. 27th

\$25; \$25;

THE

AMERICAN SHUTTLE

SEWING MACHINE

Is retailed at a price within the reach of all. This Machine uses a straight needle, makes the LOCK STITCH (like on both sides), has a self-adjusting tension, and can do every variety of sewing. It will hem, fell, bind, cord, braid, seam, quilt, tuck, ruffle, and gather; will work equally well on silk, linen, woolen, or cotton goods, with silk, linen, or cotton thread.

THE

American Shuttle Sewing Machine

IS

Warranted for Five Years!

Our Agents will be supplied with duplicate parts of the machine, in case of accident. It makes precisely the same stitch made by the Singer Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, and Florence Machines. It has the Under-feed, like the best of high-priced machines, and is the only low-priced Shuttle Machine in the market that has this feed. We are enabled to sell a first-class SHUTTLE MACHINE at a very low price, on account of its simplicity, and consequent low cost of manufacturing, in comparison with complicated machines.

AGENTS.

We wish to arrange with agents, male or female, to represent the American Shuttle Sewing Machine, in each State, County, and Town in the United States and Ontario. Extra indu



PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS  
AT WINNEBAGO CITY, FARQUHAR CO., MINN.  
By E. A. HOTCHKISS,  
Editor & Proprietor.

The Free Homestead will be mailed one year to any  
address, for one dollar and fifty cents. It will hold in  
advance, the price will be two dollars.  
Notices inserted in the reading columns will be charged  
at fifteen cents a line for the first insertion, and ten cents  
a line for each subsequent insertion.  
Advertisements occupying one inch of space, inserted  
one week for one dollar. One column one year, seven-  
ty dollars, and all others in proportion.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, AND OTHER  
Blanks, neatly printed, and for sale at the  
Homestead Office.

Andrew C. Dunn,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law in Winnebago  
City, Minn., will attend to professional busi-  
ness throughout the State. 1714f

Dr. J. P. Hughes,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office at his residence on Cleveland street, second  
house east of the Post Office, Winnebago City,  
Minn. 1714f

J. H. SPROUT,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Blue Earth City, Minn. 1714f

Mead's Hotel,  
BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.  
I. S. MEAD, Proprietor.  
Billiard tables are connected with the house, and  
there is good stabling on the premises.  
2421f

COLLINS' HOTEL,  
Winnebago City, Minnesota.  
E. G. & A. P. COLLINS, Proprietors.  
Excellent accommodations, and charges mod-  
erate.  
Stages leave this House for all points. 2371f

CONSTANS HOUSE,  
BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.  
H. P. CONSTANS, Proprietor.  
This popular Hotel is entirely new, and furnish-  
ed in excellent style.  
2371f

P. K. WISER,  
Practical Watch-Maker, and  
JEWELER, Mankato, Minn.  
DEALER IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silver-Ware. Re-  
pairing neatly executed and warranted.

C. J. FARLEY,  
HOMOEOPATHIC  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Winnebago City.  
OFFICE AT THE DRUG STORE. 2751f

MANKATO HOUSE  
GROVER C. BURT, Proprietor.  
HAVING refurnished throughout the above  
well known house, the proprietor asks a  
continuance of public patronage. Good stable  
accommodations are connected with the house.  
Charges moderate. 2301f

R. WAITE,  
JEWELLER,  
BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.  
Has constantly on hand Clocks, Watches, Jew-  
elry, Silver-ware, Gold Pens, Musical Instruments,  
&c. Repairing done with dispatch and war-  
ranted. 2381f

D. WEHRLE,  
Watchmaker and Jeweler.  
HAS received his complete stock of American  
and imported Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.  
Repairing warranted as represented.  
FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE THE CLINTON HOUSE,  
Mankato, Minn. 2351f

C. W. MURPHY & CO.,  
Dealer in

BOOKS & STATIONERY,  
POST OFFICE BUILDING, FRONT ST.,  
MANKATO, MINN.  
Particular attention paid to Music Orders.

SHERIDAN J. ABBOTT,  
Attorney & Counselor at Law,  
Notary Public and Conveyancer.  
Particular attention paid to the Collec-  
tion of Debts and Payment of Taxes.  
ALL BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
Winnebago City, Minn., Aug. 30, 1865. 2531f

WINNEBAGO CITY HOTEL.  
C. S. KIMBALL Proprietor.

Stages leave this Hotel Mondays and Thurs-  
days for the nearest Railroad station, and Tues-  
days and Saturdays for the West.  
A good livery is connected with the Hotel,  
and there are ample accommodations for team-  
sters. 2121f

GRIEBEL & BROTHER,  
wholesale and retail dealers in  
BOOTS, SHOES,  
Leather, Findings, Shoemakers' Tools, etc.  
Front Street,  
Opposite the Post Office, Mankato, Minn.

BAROTT HOUSE,  
Corner of Second and Cherry Sts.,  
MANKATO, MINNESOTA.  
L. G. BAROTT, Proprietor.

THE above house, just completed and furnish-  
ed in new thorough, is opened to the public.  
Accommodations unsurpassed by any public  
house in the county, and terms reasonable.  
Farmers will always find a comfortable room,  
plenty of good food, and the best of care for their  
horses. 2371f

Winnebago City and Waseca  
STAGE LINE  
Leaves Winnebago City, Mondays, Wednesdays,  
and Fridays.  
Leaves Waseca, Tuesdays, Thursdays, & Saturdays.  
This route lies through WILTON, MINNESOTA  
& LAKE, MINNESOTA, and BASS LAKE.  
Passengers by this new and popular route will save  
TWENTY MILES of travel, and money, and will ride  
only in the day-time, going through in ONE DAY.  
THOMAS GEORGE, Proprietor.  
Winnebago City, Nov. 18th, 1865. 2641f

"POWER."—Ha! Scipio dust drink?  
Says—"I don't!" Richard III.  
"REJUVENATOR"  
Restaurant and Saloon.  
Opposite the COLLINS HOUSE, Winnebago City.  
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
Carcass, Old Cognac, and Habana.  
Fresh Oysters served in every style, and for  
sale by the Can or Keg.  
Gentlemen, I keep good Liquors.  
Winnebago City, Dec. 2, 1865. 2771f

# Free Homestead.

VOL. 6. NO. 34.

WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1869.

WHOLE NO. 294.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The racing river leaped and sang  
Full blithely in the perfect weather,  
All round the mountain echoes rang,  
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,  
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;  
But, in the hollow of my heart,  
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river met,  
And stepping-stones were wet and glisten,  
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,  
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,  
The chuckle of the brook, the humming—  
Then turned the hedge, and did not know,  
How could I—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,  
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,  
So far the shallow flood had flown,  
Beyond the customary leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,  
Yet she waited all unwitting;  
We thought not I had crossed the sea,  
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,  
I wished the moments had been hours;  
I took her in my arms, and set  
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her father-maiden in eyes and tone,  
Ah! still methinks, I hear them calling;  
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,  
The chuckle of the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,  
But now possession crowns endeavor;  
I took her in my heart, and grew  
And fills the hollow place forever.

—Jean Ingelow.

## LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

BY JEAN INGLOW.

It's we two, it's we two for aye,  
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
All the world was adam once, with Eve by his  
side.

What's the world, my lass, my love!—what can it  
do?  
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and  
new.

If the world have misused the mark, let it stand by,  
For we two have gotten leave, and once more  
we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.  
Take a kiss from me, my lass; now the song be-  
gins:  
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart  
wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will  
shine,  
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.  
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,  
Sitting by the golden stream on our wedding day.

—Charles F. Brown.

## MARY LEE; OR THE IDIOT AVENGER.

BY CHARLES F. BROWN.

Many years ago, there dwelt in the  
then wild and uncultivated county of  
Aroostook, Maine, a man whose name  
was Lee. Mr. Lee had once been a  
flourishing farmer in one of Massachusetts'  
sect's wealthy and thriving towns, but  
through the villainy of a pretended friend  
he lost all his farm and money—and was  
compelled, in consequence to seek a  
home elsewhere. Land being for sale  
cheap on the Aroostook, Mr. Lee con-  
cluded to settle there. With his small  
family, consisting of himself and daugh-  
ter, then a charming girl of fourteen—  
David Lee entered the "howling for-  
est," and commenced to clear up a  
farm.

Two years hard labor accomplished  
much; where huge trees had stood, now  
grew luxuriant fields of grain; where at  
first stood a rude camp, now stood a neat  
cabin. In short, honest David Lee had  
prospered.

His daughter Mary was now sixteen.  
Beautiful, good, brave and generous, she  
was indeed a blessing to her father. Of-  
ten did David Lee, as he sat smoking  
his pipe after a hard day's work, gaze  
upon her sunny countenance, and thank  
God inwardly that he had been blessed  
with such a rare gift.

With Lee now dwelt an idiot boy—  
little or nothing was known as to who  
he was, or where he belonged. Lee had  
found him a year previous, one cold night  
near his house in a perishing condition.  
He sheltered him for the night—For  
many days his life hung upon a thread,  
but he slowly recovered, till at length he  
got quite well. The gentle patience  
with which he had borne his sufferings,  
his goodness of heart and confiding dis-  
position won for him the friendship, awe,  
the love of Lee and his daughter. They  
therefore resolved to let him remain and  
live with them.

The idiot boy was a strange sight to  
look upon. He was scarcely sixteen,  
yet you would have pronounced him  
twenty. His eyes were blue, mildly so,  
yet at times, when talking of the wrongs  
that had been done him—which he fre-  
quently did, though in an incoherent  
manner—they would assume a dark, wild  
and flashing hue. His hair was of a  
golden hue, and hung in long and wav-  
ing ringlets down his neck. His high  
forehead, the flashes of eloquence that  
at times would fall from his lips, albeit they  
were mingled with a meaningless laugh,  
proved beyond a doubt that he had once  
been intelligent. With his new home  
and friends he seemed well pleased, and,  
as far as he knew, did all he could to  
please them. He was successful; he be-

came one of the family and shared their  
joys and sorrows.

Within half a mile of Lee's cabin,  
lived a worthy pioneer from the old Bay  
State, who like Lee had cleared himself  
up a neat little farm. His family consist-  
ed of a wife and an only son. Well  
might Isaac Lain be proud of his son  
Henry, handsome, stout, intelligent and  
generous. Henry Lain was beloved by  
everybody.

Of course the Lains and  
Lees were on terms of intimacy. Is it  
then strange, that meetings as they did,  
almost every day, Harry Lain and Ma-  
ry Lee fell in love with each other?  
Happy indeed were the old folks to see  
things thus promisingly go on; but their  
happiness was about to be inter-  
rupted—Isaac Lain was not contented  
with being comfortably off—he wanted  
to be rich. In order to realize his wish-  
es, he embarked in a timber speculation  
was among the many who lost, and  
then sat himself down and asked—  
"What is to be done?"

His son came nobly up to the rescue.  
He was strong, could command good wa-  
ges in Boston—a few years later would  
set things right and there he resolved to  
go.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a beautiful October morning—  
The sun shone upon a sad scene, though  
in David Lee's cabin. In a chair, weep-  
ing, sat Mary Lee; at her feet crouched  
the idiot Larry; bending over her tender-  
ly, with her hand clasped in his, stood  
Harry Lain: in a corner sat farmer Lee  
smoking. Harry Lain was going to  
Boston this morning, and he had come  
to bid his friends farewell.

"Well, well," said Lee, making  
a vain attempt to be cheerful, "reverses  
of fortune will take place; I've had 'em,  
God knows, but what's the use of being  
down at the mouth with 'em. Keep up  
a brave heart, Harry, my boy; Mary  
loves you—I love you; you're a stout  
lad—can soon make things right, be  
married and all that."

"Yes, yes," returned Harry, "your  
counsel is good; and I will keep up a  
brave heart. I could go away happy  
were it not for that Berford. I never  
have liked him since he came among us  
last spring; there is something within me  
that tells me he is a villain, that under  
that delicate smiling face of his, villainy  
and duplicity lies concealed."

"True," said Lee, "he is a suspicious  
character, to say the least, and Ma-  
ry, I am afraid you've given him encour-  
agement, else why does he hang round  
here so?"

"No, no father—you are wrong; I  
have given him no encouragement; his  
calls are unheeded. Is it possible that  
you are jealous, dear Henry?" she  
asked.

"No—at least, I hope not; if I am,  
or have been, pardon me."

"The devil is always lying when you  
are talking about him, sure enough,"  
said Lee, looking out of the window.  
"For here comes Berford."

Berford entered the cabin and bade  
them all good day. He was apparently  
not more than twenty-five years of age,  
of medium height, slender, straight, and  
extremely well formed. His face was of  
marble whiteness and his eyes were dark  
as night, his hair black as jet, and  
hung loosely over his shoulders. He was  
dressed in a richly ornamented hunting  
shirt, and on his arm he carried a splen-  
didly mounted rifle.

"So, friend Henry," said he, after  
having seated himself, "You're off for  
Boston."

"Yes, you've been there, haven't  
you?" asked Henry.

"Yes," returned Berford, his face  
turning a shade whiter. "I lived there  
once."

"Do you stop here this winter?"  
asked Henry.

"Well, I don't hardly know, I did  
not think of stopping more than a few  
weeks when I first came here, but the  
game is good. I'm much healthier here  
than I am in the city, and I don't know  
but that I shall settle here permanently."

"Well," said Henry, I must be off—  
Mary, farewell—Lee, Larry, and Ber-  
ford, good morning to you; and with  
the shake of the hand all round, he de-  
parted.

"Come," said Lee to Berford, after  
Henry had departed. "I've some chopp-  
ing to do out yonder, suppose you go  
out with me."

Berford deeming it policy to accept  
the invitation, accompanied Lee, leaving  
Larry and Mary alone. As soon as they  
had gone, Mary sunk into a chair and  
burst into tears.

"Do not weep, Mary, dear!" said  
the idiot rising, and taking her hand; "all  
will be well."

"Oh, Larry! you don't know how  
much I do love Henry!"

"No—I don't know anything—I  
think though, but if any body should  
harm my sister Mary, I'll take his  
blood! I'm not strong—no, God  
knows I am weak—but I'll do it."

And he laughed wildly.

That night there were sad hearts at  
the cabin of David Lee and Isaac  
Lain.

## CHAPTER III.

"I'll bet before it's Berford—no, not  
till I have proof."

"Is not the fact of his not having  
written Mary since his departure, proof

enough that he cares nothing about  
her?"

The speakers were David Lee and  
Berford. Weeks and months had flown  
by, but no news had been heard from  
Henry. Meanwhile Berford had been a  
frequent visitor to Lee's cabin. His vis-  
its were received by Mary with cold-  
ness, but Lee, we regret to say, was  
rather overpowered by his flattery and  
his brilliant representations of his wealth,  
&c.

"Yes," said Lee, musingly: "you  
speak truly, but there may be some ex-  
cuse—perhaps sickness."

"Come, come, Lee, own up; you  
know that he has met with some other  
girl, whom he loves better than her or  
did Mary—but all that you are hanging  
back for is that you're afraid I'm not  
what I profess to be. But supposing  
that he loves, would you not rather have  
her marry me and be rich and move in  
the first circles of society?"

"Mary does not love you, Berford,"  
said Lee, evading the question.

"I know it," returned Berford,  
"but don't you think you could per-  
suade her to?"

"Well, well, Berford, if I have proof  
that Henry loves another—that you are  
as wealthy as you say you are, and that  
I can buy the old homestead in Massa-  
chusetts, why then I'd talk with you."

"Very well," replied Berford, "he  
is so," saying which he sauntered slow-  
ly away.

Three weeks after the conversation, a  
letter came through the post office from  
Boston, directed to Mary. With a  
throbbing heart she opened it and read as  
follows:

Boston.—18—  
Mary—the only excuse I have to of-  
fer for not writing before, is this—I have  
met with one who is beautiful, rich and  
good. She loves me, and in return,  
I love her; that I love her? Please  
therefore hereafter, to consider me only  
as a friend.

P. S. I have made inquiries respect-  
ing Berford, and find that he is rich, and  
bears a most excellent character here.

She spoke not as she laid down the  
letter, but could you have gazed into  
those tearful eyes of hers, you would  
have seen deep and terrible anguish.

Her father stood over her.  
"Are you ready to marry Berford,  
now?" he asked.

"Yes, father—I'm ready for any-  
thing, now!"

## CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks have passed by. It is a  
pleasant winter's morning, and the wed-  
ding day of Mary Lee and Frederick  
Berford. The guests, the clergyman,  
the bride and bridegroom are present.

The bride is not merry. She sits there  
pale and trembling—may, weeping. The  
bridegroom, too, is not as cheerful as  
bridegrooms usually are; he tries to be  
merry, but ah! how vain the attempt—  
The bride's father is gloomy, too; he is  
not gay. Verily, this is not a happy  
wedding.

Mary had placed her hand in Berford's  
and the ceremony was about to be per-  
formed, when the sharp crack of a pistol  
sounded upon the ears of the company,  
and Berford, without a groan fell dead  
upon the floor.

"Who is the murderer?" yelled Lee,  
as soon as he could gather his scattered  
senses.

"I am!" cried a thrilling loud voice  
that made every heart quake, and the  
idiot Larry burst into the room. "Yes,"  
he cried, gazing wildly around. "I am  
the murderer!"

The name of the man  
ed with me in life, guided by a virtuous  
intent, who has failed of success. Many  
of that class are scattered to and fro in  
the earth. Pierce blasts and pelting  
storms beat upon many of them to this  
day, but every one of them now living  
who has been virtuous has won for him-  
self a good degree in his sphere; and  
many shall rise up and bless the hour  
when these young men were born.

Another "Old Grimes."  
The correspondent of the Traveller,  
writing at Hubbardston, tells the follow-  
ing:

"Of course, you have all heard of 'Old  
Grimes'; indeed, who has not talked  
and laughed about that large-minded,  
ricketty-headed, quaint, strange enigma  
of a man? Many amusing stories are  
told of him—have been to-day—both by  
the poet and the orator. This is not,  
however, the 'Grimes' with his coat all  
buttoned down before," as many have  
thought; he had an earlier origin.

Ephraim Grimes, born in this town, was,  
however, the identical man who used to  
ride that strange horse who, having got  
into a certain speed, could not be held  
in, and so used to carry his rider into  
people's houses, and the like. At one  
time he rode straight into the court room  
at Worcester, while the court was in  
session, and the Judge on the bench.  
He immediately turned the horse around,  
and with apparent anger scolded the  
horse, saying: 'If I get you out of  
this, I'll take you where justice'll be done  
you.' This vituperation, and the whole  
performance was evidently an insult to  
the Judge, who had a short time before  
ordered him to be put into the pillory,  
and had his ears cut off for counterfeiting  
silver and gold money. While in the  
pillory in front of the court house, he  
was very saucy to the judge, and kept  
pulling down his end of the engine, much  
to the discomfiture of the colleague in the

## Thoughts of Heaven.

If heaven doth not enter into us by  
way of holiness, we shall never enter  
into heaven by way of happiness. If  
you would lay up a treasure of glory in  
heaven, lay up a treasure of grace in  
your hearts. If your souls are rich in  
grace, they will be rich in glory. The  
more you do for God in this world, the  
more God will do for you in the world  
to come. As heaven is kept for the  
saints of Christ, so they are kept for  
heaven by the Spirit. In heaven all  
God's servants will be abundantly sat-  
isfied with his dealings and dispensations

with them; and how all condensed, like  
so many winds, to bring them all to their  
haven; and how even the roughest blasts  
helped to bring them homeward. How  
can we expect to live with him on earth,  
if thou lovest to worship God here be-  
low, God will take thee up to worship  
Him above. Thou shalt change thy  
place, but not thy employment. Heav-  
en is a day without a cloud to darken it,  
and without a night to end it. We  
would be seated in the heavenly citadel,  
but are loth to be scratched with the  
briers and thorns of the wilderness. In  
heaven there is the presence of the good,  
and the absence of evil. Grace and  
glory differ but as the bud and blossom.  
What is glory but grace perfected? We  
may hope for a place in heaven if our  
hearts are made suitable in the state of  
heaven. If there be any grief in heaven  
sure it will be for this that we have done  
no more for God on earth.—Mason.

Moses vs. Neptune.  
The following "Aarti item" is from the  
Rome correspondent of the Boston Post.  
The writer is speaking of the wondrous  
statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, in  
the church of San Pietro in Vincoli:

The Hebrew law-giver is seated on a  
marble throne, and with one hand in the  
intensity of his indignation at the folly  
of his people, he grasps his long and flow-  
ing beard. This reaches below his  
waist, and is carved with great delicacy  
and expression. It hangs partly in thick  
masses, partly in slender locks. One  
prominent clasp hangs down, officiating at  
that time at one of the Protestant chapels in  
Rome. I inquired if he had been to pay  
a visit to the great statue. "What  
statue?" was the reply. "That one of  
Moses in the corner, by Michael Ange-  
lo." "Is that Moses?" he rejoined.

"Yes; who did you think it was?"  
"Well, I didn't know, but rather  
thought it was Neptune."

"Why, I thought  
you supposed that?" "Why, I thought  
that his beard was made so long and  
heavy to give it the appearance of having  
been dragged through the water, and I  
couldn't think of anybody but Neptune  
to whom that description would apply."

Every man, under God, has his desti-  
ny in his own hands. If he will be vir-  
tuous, he may be. If he is virtuous, he  
cannot but be happy. Like the suffer-  
ing Redeemer, he may and will be a  
man of sorrow and acquainted with  
grief," but his consolation shall flow like  
a river, and his righteousness and happi-  
ness shall roll like the waves of a peace-  
ful sea; following one after another, un-  
til they bear him to the bright and beau-  
tiful land beyond the tomb. Reader!  
art thou poor? art thou tried by thine  
infirmities? art thou persecuted by ene-  
mies? Still "Hope on, hope ever," be  
the motto of thy life. Still be virtuous,  
and thy triumph shall be certain. I do  
not know a single young man who start-  
ed with me in life, guided by a virtuous  
intent, who has failed of success. Many  
of that class are scattered to and fro in  
the earth. Pierce blasts and pelting  
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was very saucy to the judge, and kept  
pulling down his end of the engine, much  
to the discomfiture of the colleague in the

other end. For this the Judge clipped  
a small piece off the other, but took only  
the whole of one ear of Grimes. Look-  
ing up into the face of the executioner he  
immediately replied, "that's just the way  
my father served his calves every  
spring."

One time he went to a town in New  
Hampshire, and going into a store, he  
asked for ribbon enough to reach from  
one end of his ears to the other, and  
asked how much it would be. Only a  
few cents, was the reply. The clerk be-  
gan to measure off the ribbon. "Hold,"  
says Grimes, "one of my ears is in Wor-  
cester, Mass.!" A man in Hubbard-  
ston lived in a house on a high hill of sugar  
loaf shape; and, one night, about twelve  
o'clock, he went to the door and routed  
them up, and when they came to ask him  
what was wanted, he replied, very sober-  
ly, "Oh, nothing, only I wanted to tell  
you what a fine chance you have to drain  
your cellar." This is a specimen of "Old  
Grimes," who, perhaps, was lacking in  
the moral sense, rather than deserving to  
be called a rascal.

The "Fat Contributor" on Accident In-  
surance.

The "Breakneck Accident Insurance  
Company" wrote to the "Fat Contribu-  
tor," not long since, to work up a col-  
umn or so of inducements for people to  
take out policies. This is the way he  
did it:

Everybody should get insured against  
accidents. No matter if you belong to  
one of the "best families."—Accidents  
will happen to them.

Get a policy. The old proverb says,  
"Honesty is the best policy," but that  
was before the Accident Insurance Com-  
pany started. Now the best policy is a  
policy in the "Breakneck."

The other day a man in Chicago fell  
out of a four story window. He had no  
insurance and consequently was killed.  
Another man on the same day fell out  
with his wife. He was insured in the  
"Breakneck," and is ready to fall out  
again.

A woman driving a spirited horse in  
St. Louis was run away with. Being  
insured against accidents, she wasn't  
alarmed a bit, stopped the horse and  
came back safe. Her policy running  
out, she neglected to renew it. Shortly  
after she was run away with again. Her  
husband's partner ran away with her  
this time, and she hasn't come back yet.  
Don't fail to renew your policy, particu-  
larly if it is in the "Breakneck."

At Dubuque, Iowa, a man was kicked  
by a horse. The horse wasn't insured  
and he got kicked back.

Near Paris, Ky., a man while engaged  
in running a circular saw had his arms  
taken off. They consisted of a cavalry  
sabre and a double barreled shot gun.  
The man who carried them off had an  
accident insurance—and he hasn't been  
caught yet.

In Philadelphia a man fell from a scaf-  
fold and broke his neck. If he had been  
insured in the "Breakneck," his sentence  
might have been commuted to "impris-  
onment for life." Why will men neglect  
these things?

Our agent at Penn Yan, N. Y., writes:  
"One of our neighbors, whom I had so-  
lited to take a policy, laughed at me  
for thinking he could not take care of  
himself. The very next day he fell from  
the roof of his house, and wasn't hurt a  
bit!"

In Utica, New York, a man accident-  
ally got married. Being insured in the  
"Breakneck," he will receive \$15 a week  
until he recovers.



## THE FREE HOMESTEAD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1869.

TO ADVERTISERS.  
This paper has a larger circulation than any other paper in the country, and is the only paper in the country which is printed entirely at home.

### Railroads.

The inconsistent and foolish sensational reports that have been put in circulation recently by a portion of the press of this city, with reference to the operations of the Southern Minnesota R. R. Co., have done not a little to injure our fair reputation among business men and capitalists abroad. We have never for a moment harbored the idea that any railroad company would so far disregard their own interests as to attempt to ignore a city the size of Austin and build a rival within a couple of miles. Recent developments show for what purposes the junction is made two miles north of Austin.

The Chicago *Republican*, of the 11th inst., in giving a report of the late meeting for the election of directors of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., and mentions the Southern Minnesota as one of the roads which is to be controlled by that company. There is now no doubt but that the road running west to Albert Lea is designed as a feeder for the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, and that the road from Lanesboro will run to Chatfield and Rochester, leaving that portion between Austin and Lanesboro unutilized for a long time to come. We are also successful of reliable information coming from men connected with the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, that the above is a true statement of the case. The reason then, for making the junction north of Austin was not with the expectation or design of building a town there, but merely to avoid bridging the flats in the valley of the Cedar and paying for the right of way through an incorporated town. The present arrangement is much better for Austin than for the road to run through the city. The transfers of freight and passengers will all be made in the depot at this place. The present plan was determined upon, even before our citizens were approached by the Agents of the Southern road.

The Austin and Northwood Railway Co. have commenced work in earnest. J. P. Jones, Esq., Civil Engineer, assisted by N. S. Burke, county surveyor—*Mower County Transcript*.

We print the above *new ideas* to Faribault county people, for what they are worth. But it matters very little to us whether they are literally true or not, for a direct communication with Chicago and the East is all we expect of the Southern Minnesota Railroad, and we shall have that, whether the gap between Austin and Lanesboro is filled or not.

### Foreign News.

Chili has formally joined Peru in recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents.

In Paraguay, a Brazilian regiment of cavalry in the advanced guard of the allied army was surprised, and the whole regiment destroyed by Lopez's troops. All were killed or taken prisoners. The expeditionary corps which landed at Razario was surprised, a great part being killed and taken prisoners by the Paraguayans. A gunboat, which was towing up the river boats with provisions for the army, was boarded by the Paraguayans, who killed all the crew and took possession of the cargo of two vessels. The allied army was still at Laque.

A banquet was given on the Great Eastern last Friday evening, to celebrate the successful landing of the new French cable. The vessel will soon proceed to lay the cable to the United States.

Robberies of arms and ammunition are of daily occurrence throughout the southern part of Ireland. Supposed to be by Fenians.

The English House of Commons will debate on the Alabama question on the 19th of July.

Gen. McMahon, the United States Minister to Brazil, had not been heard from on the 21st of April, and the report that he had arrived in Asuncion proves to be unfounded. The movement against Lopez has commenced. He is at Asuncion, in a formidable position. Count Den, son-in-law of the Emperor of Brazil, now commanding the allied forces, is said to have served during our civil war on the staff of Gen. Sherman.

President Grant will attend the Boston Peace Jubilee.

Eight National Banks have ceased to be depositories of Government funds since the 5th inst.

Among 14,000 steerage passengers, lately landed at New York, were 300 skilled English and Welsh workmen of different trades. The influx of Norwegian contingents has been enormous, and it is said at least 200,000 will arrive within the next eighteen months. Their destination is invariably the Northwest.

The total imports into the United States from all countries for the year ending December 31, 1868, was (coin value) \$381,336,657; total exports, including re-exports, (currency value) \$362,153,310. Fifty-seven per cent. of the imports, and over forty per cent. of the exports, were transported in foreign vessels.

Senator Sprague, who has been South, estimates the next cotton crop at two millions or two and a quarter millions of bales. Owing to the uncertainty of negro labor, it has become unprofitable to carry on large plantations, and most of the crop is now furnished by farms that yield from one to five, and so on, up to fifty bales.

## THE MCCONNELL MURDER.

A Verdict of Not Guilty.

Scene in the Court Room on the Accittal of Wm. A. Robinson.

The trial of Wm. A. Robinson for the murder of General McConnell, of Jacksonville, Illinois, was concluded on Tuesday last, by the entirely unexpected verdict of "Not Guilty." Our readers will recollect the very remarkable circumstances which seem to point to the guilt of Robinson. He was seen to emerge from General McConnell's house at about the time when the murder took place. On the table near where the murdered man was lying, was an interest table, with the dent of a pencil at the figure \$400, the pencil itself being found on the floor. A note of Robinson for that precise sum due on that day was found missing from the package where it had previously been. On inspecting Robinson's books entries were found cancelling this debt, and designed as an explanation of how he came by the \$400, but so bunglingly made as to form a strong link in the chain of evidence against him. There were many other circumstances strongly corroborative of these suspicions; but on the trial witnesses were found to testify that he was in his store when the murder took place, and to other circumstances opposed to the theory of the prosecution. The sympathies of the jury did the rest, and the closing scenes of the trial, after the charge of the judge, are thus described by the Chicago *Tribune* reporter: When the court again assembled, the large hall was crowded to overflowing the gallery being filled with ladies and the body of the hall covered with masculine spectators in every corner where anything human could find a standing place. For a few moments after the judge, Hon. C. D. Hodges, ascended the bench, the vast audience maintained a most expressive silence.

The misting of a sheet of paper, the lowest whisper, could be heard distinctly throughout the large hall. At length, after twenty minutes had elapsed, and to the excited crowd they appeared to be twenty ages—it was announced that the jury had agreed upon a verdict.

Amidst the most breathless silence, a quiet that most painfully pervaded the entire assemblage the twelve good men and true were escorted to their seats by the worthy sheriff, Isaac Sier, when the small sheet of paper, freighted with the life or death of the prisoner at the bar, was handed in to the court.

The court regarded the document for a moment, and then said to our verdict: "We, the jury, find the prisoner to be not guilty."

The reception of this finding was one of the most remarkable that has ever characterized a court of justice. The immense audience rose as one personage, and applauded until the very building rang with the thunder of the popular approbation. Bouquets innumerable were thrown at the feet of the accused, while on every hand he received the heartiest expression of congratulation.

The words of the verdict had hardly fallen from the lips of the court when the devoted wife of the prisoner, with a little ray, fell forward in her seat, and fainted away.

The aged father of the accused, who had labored so devotedly in his behalf, also sank backward, in the ecstasy of pleasure, while Robinson, himself, the man who had made so narrow an escape from the gallows, fell forward in his seat and sobbed like a very infant. Strong men cheered until hoarseness intervened, while the ladies in the court room for the most part, either fainted, or wept themselves into the pleasing condition of hysterics.

When quiet had, in some degree, been restored, the Court said:

Gentlemen of the jury, you may now understand you are discharged.

The jury then left the jury box, when they were made the objects of a most general ovation. For a second time the court-room rang with the popular plaudits, and again were peace and order two things that could not be attained.

Mr. Bacon, the foreman of the inquest, and the first jurymen to leave the box, were seized by each hand by a dozen spectators, and fairly borne from the room upon the shoulders of the audience. The remainder of the jurors received an almost equal welcome, and it was evident on every hand, that had their verdict been otherwise they would have been the recipients of a tolerably rough reception.

After the jury had left the hall, Judge Hodges, pursuant to a motion by Henry Barnes, counsel for the accused, said:

"The order of the court now is that the prisoner be discharged from custody."

For a moment the accused did not seem to understand the purport of the judicial words, and remained in his chair with his head buried in his hands. In a few minutes, however, Mr. Barnes approached him, and patting him upon the back, said:

"Robinson, you are now discharged. You may go wherever you please. Your character is cleared, and you are declared to be as innocent of the murder as I am."

He then shook the gentleman warmly by the hand, and taking the arm of his wife, left the court, amid the most tremendous applause.

After the prisoner had departed from the scene, the Court, Judge Hodges, and all the members of the counsel for the defense, were made the recipients of an ovation, and after a few moments failure to recover anything approaching good order, the Court adjourned.

In the city the news of the verdict was received with the most varied sentiment. Half the populace seemed to be wild with delight, while the balance were as earnest in urging the guilt of the accused.

## and insisting that he had been wrongfully acquitted.

In this connection, it may be out of place to mention one scene in the court-room which stood out in broad relief from the general joy. Seated within the bar very near to the bench, was Murray McConnell, the grandson and namesake of the murdered man, and as he quietly heard the verdict, and as he saw the blood of his revered relative would now never be avenged, and that the murderer, whose he may be, was now safe from detection.

### A \$100,000 "Yes."

Elisha C. Sprague is a rich man. Amanda Craig was a poor spinster. She was all smiles, and he courted her. She consented to become Mrs. Sprague, and to be loved and loved. They wrote love letters. Amanda was happy. Her was happier. Her brother praised Sprague. But in an evil hour, Sprague, to the surprise of the Craig, and subsequently, declined to either love, honor, or obey Amanda herself. This objection broke Amanda's heart, but she shed no tears. She did not even lose confidence in the moral integrity of the male sex, but trusted her love letters to a choice selection of twelve men, and informed them particularly of all the little confidences which had existed between Sprague and Craig, believing that they would sympathize with another poor spinster. She requested them to give her an order on the Craig, and to her brother's hopes for the modest sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and they graciously granted her request. The first ballot cast by the jury stood, eleven for \$100,000, and one for \$60,000 damages. The odd man then remarked that it might be well for him to go the whole hog, and so his single singular last ballot placed the lady who is doomed to celibacy, in possession of an extra \$40,000.

The *Revolution* has now gained a strong point, and Sprague can indulge in an extra "breakfast" at Delmonico's. The Chicago *Tribune* gives the following description of the court room scene at Wheaton, Illinois, immediately after the reading of the verdict:

When the jury took their stand in the box a number of the lookers on behind the box quietly rose from their seats and looked anxiously and eagerly forward. No one seemed to breathe. The fair plaintiff, who covered her eyes with a handkerchief when the jury entered, looked up and looked over the arm of the chair, awaiting the final edict. When the words of the foreman, Adam Glass, fell upon the ears of the people, "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of a murder," the hall resounded with cheers, clapping of hands, hoarse laughter, and such yells as would have weakened the knees of a warrior. A loud cheer from the shoulder of her mother, and a grand rush was made from outside the bar toward the \$100,000 prize, for congratulation. Hand-shaking, patting of the shoulder, kisses and tears were the order of the day. The crowd fell upon the judge, Judge Wilcox rose from his majestic seat, and in a loud voice commanded order, but order could not be restored, and the great hall was again in confusion.

Outside the Court House there could be heard a loud uproar, which swelled to a prolonged cheer, and with a *bang* in that would have done credit to a regiment of Zou-Zous.

The Chicago *Post* is responsible for the following verses which that paper says were not offered in evidence:

THE FAIR AMANDA.  
Amanda's mother cried one day—  
"Amanda—Amama!"  
Why should you still live single, my  
When husbands are so handy?  
"I know a man, Amama dear,  
A man, a man, Amama,  
Whom I would love more than a year,  
He'll keep you, oh, so grandly."  
"And what's his name, Amama?" "Tis Sprague."  
"But he's no gay young dandy?"  
"No, indeed, I'll send him right with Craig!"  
Replied the fair Amama.

### A SHEAF OF LOVE WHICH DIDN'T RUN SMOOTH.

Amama Craig  
And "Lisha Sprague,"  
They fell in love, and he, the fair,  
He liked her style,  
She liked his pile,  
And everything went right;  
"I love you," said he,  
"And I love you," said she,  
"My duck," "my dear delight,"  
"I came to pass  
That hope which bright light,  
And love, which trusteth  
Too much, he blushed  
In a breath of promise light.  
Amama to Lisha,  
Love me, love me, love,  
I love you very well,  
I love you more, my dear love,  
Than I can ever tell.  
Lisha to Amama,  
If ever live as I live now  
Now life can cut over love in 2.

### THE PUBLIC TO NOTE.

The case is red, the violet is blue,  
The poet and the poet, and so your about-  
Liable breach of promise suit.

For the Free Homestead.

### "Let Us Have Peace."

The Peace Cause is as old as the Christian religion, but the first Peace Society of modern times, was organized in the City of New York in the summer of 1816, when the sad results of our last war with Great Britain were yet fresh in the minds of the people. Thirteen years later, the *America* Peace Society was formed in Boston, so that it has been in operation more than forty years. Its objects are to prevent wars between nations and rebellions at home. If it cannot prevent all such, it will not labor in vain if it forestalls one in a score, or even one in a hundred, and more than that, because they cannot afford all intemperance.

The Society occupies no extreme untenable ground, and its platform is broad enough to embrace all who deprecate war from whatever motives. It does not deny the right of self-defense, nor say that a nation is not to resist aggression or attack. It is loyal to the Government, and believes in maintaining its existence and the integrity of our nation.

All through our recent terrible struggle with the South, it advocated, putting down the gigantic and senseless rebellion. It does not condemn our soldiers for consenting to become members of an

armed police to compel obedience to law, full authority, and some of them are among its best friends.

Peace Societies in our country and Europe, hope to accomplish their objects by teaching the truth, and especially the truth of the Gospel, to bear on the custom of war. They propose, as substitutes for war, mutual forbearance—negotiation—arbitration, and ultimately a Congress, or High Court of Nations, to settle national disputes. Numerous and influential have they become, that they have already done much. But much more must be done, or the demon of rebellion and war will continue to curse our country and the world. Surely it is better to prevent than to suffer.

The American Peace Society has various appliances for influencing public sentiment: It publishes a monthly periodical—the "Advocate of Peace," which is worthy of a wide circulation. It has on its catalogue about one hundred different books and tracts written with great ability, and containing facts, arguments, incidents, and illustrations which are perfectly convincing. It employs agents and collectors to bring the cause before the people by the living voice and the circulation of its publication. It bespeaks the aid of Editors, Ministers, Teachers, and all others in its heaven-born enterprise. It is commended by Senator Sumner, Governor Buckingham, Bishop Morris, Stephen H. Tyng, Howard Malcom, Leonard Bacon, and thousands of other Philanthropists and Christians.

The operations of the Society have heretofore been confined mainly to the Eastern and Central States. But arrangements have recently been made to bring the cause of Peace before the people of the magnificent West, who already exert a controlling influence in the affairs of the nation. The undersigned has been appointed its Western Secretary, with a field extending from the western line of New York and Pennsylvania to the Pacific Ocean. In the cultivation of this vast field, he solicits the cooperation of all. Alone and unaided he can do but little, but with the assistance of the good, and the blessing of God, a change in public sentiment with regard to war, can be produced akin to that which has taken place during the past thirty years with regard to Slavery.

To effect this change, we need men and money—men to labor as Agents and Collectors, and money to sustain them, and to publish and circulate our publications. Those who wish to give either themselves or their means to the cause, or to subscribe for the *Advocate of Peace*, (at \$1.00 per annum in advance), or to obtain other publications of the Society, can address me at No. 45 Madison street, Chicago.

AMASA LORD,  
Western Secretary Am. Peace Society.

### The Autocrat of the Feminine World.

The correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Paris, gives the following gossipy sketch of the French autocrat of fashion, and of some of his peculiarities:

It would not be right to say anything against Mr. Worth, the man milliner of the Rue de la Paix, for he is the prince of industrialists in his way. His establishment is a curiosity; at least that is what people generally say. There is certainly more other like it. It is curious, the evening of a fancy dress ball at the Tuilleries, to see the jam of crested carriages before his door. It is curious to see ladies, as deeply crested as their carriages, take tickets at the door so as to be admitted into the presence of the great man inside. It is curious to witness their assault on the lunch set out for them in the waiting room, and which suggests that perhaps they do not all penetrate further into the temple of fashion. Once inside, it is something more than curious to witness what takes place. The artist, a good looking man of forty, with black hair and pale face, dressed loosely in a black dress suit, and with white cravat—a man who speaks all languages, and does not know what our language belongs to, although he sometimes forgets himself and says he is an Englishman in the middle of the floor, and with his eyes on the lady customer, examines her as he would a horse he was going to buy. He makes a female assistant turn her around, trot her up and down, sit down and stand up, and finally he issues his fiat, from which there is no appeal, and the customer must take the dress, the cut and the price he dictates.

"That or nothing, madam; in anything less than that I would be ruined!" Then, when the customer is finished, they must return with it to see whether it does not need a touch here and there before its advent into the world. Mr. Worth goes through all this process with such decorum and with such an evident eye to art, that the fashionable world, from the Empress down, declares that in fashion there is but one god, and Worth is his prophet.

But there is a good side to Worth that the world in general does not know of. Worth is liberal to the trade; he does not charge fifty frames to a smaller tradesman for a pattern; he gives it to him, and he is not afraid to consider his position so exalted that he need not fear rivalry; but at any rate, he encourages poorer work people by giving them his inventions, and nobody else does that. Moreover, he invents bonnets and boots and hoop skirts and collars, and gives them to the people engaged in the manufacture of these several articles, and charges them nothing for them. He has thus been the fortune of a crowd of poor people, who look upon him as sort of benefactor. He is alone the inventor of the greater part of the fashions which fashionable ladies wear in all parts of the world. He shapes the forms of women kind the wide world over. Was ever mortal so omniscient before?

Does he get rich? No, for he is an artist, a Bohemian, a spendthrift. He keeps open house at his country place at Suresnes the year round, and the champagne flows in rivers, the *pate de foie gras* melts by the ton. But his partner and business man takes care of his money, and is rich, and that shows what kind of business it is to be the high priest of fashion.

A boy 10 years old was drowned at Hastings last Friday.

Murray & Bro., of Lake City, are sending 300 barrels of flour per week to Boston.

One hundred and eight emigrants stopped at the Scandinavian Hotel in this place on Saturday last, on their way to join the laborers on the Southern Minnesota R. R.—*Mower County Transcript*.

Strawberries were never so plenty nor so cheap in Chicago, as now.

The Secretary of War has granted a year's leave of absence to Gen. Sickles, with permission to go to Europe.

Wednesday night last week, the train from Washington, comprising ten cars, including the President's car, collided with a cow, at Annapolis Junction, throwing the baggage and two passenger cars off the track, overturning them. A man named Will, of Atlanta, Ga., was dangerously wounded and seven others severely injured. President Grant and family were in the third passenger car, but sustained no injury.

### Paris Woman Homely and Ill Dressed.

A more common looking set of women than the Parisian cannot be found on the face of the globe. I have seen them everywhere. In which had lain unfinished, despatched. One of Mr. Bloss's peculiarities is to write always with a pen, on the most singular bit of paper imaginable. In fact, stray corners that are torn off business letters sent to the *Enquirer* office. His penholder is about ten inches in length, which he grasps carefully by the upper end, and while he writes, he keeps the lower end, which is very ungainly, tucked under his arm, and refuses to recognize any man that comes into his office, while he is engaged in writing, not even excepting the Hon. J. S. Farn, Mr. W. McLean, Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton, or Theodore Cook.

### The Mormon Exodus from Utah.

Since the commencement of the work of building the great Pacific railway high hopes have been entertained and cherished by a large number of men and women in Utah, known as dissenters and apostates from Mormonism as indicated by Brigham Young, that on its completion an avenue of escape would be open for them, and they could make their way, undisturbed by the hirings and cut throats of Brigham Young, from Utah to the States. The dissenters and apostates, we are assured, are by no means few, and it is openly stated that all who can rid themselves of what little property they still possess will flee the Territory and return to the States.

Yesterday a party of dissenters and apostates, numbering about forty souls all families, under the leadership of Mr. Ward Walling, late President of the Josephite wing of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, arrived at the depot, opposite the city, the greater portion of them coming from Valued Valley, and the balance from Salt Lake City and vicinity. They chartered a car for the company, for which they paid \$1.00, and have provided themselves with all the necessities required on the trip. They purpose setting in Nebraska on the Missouri river, near Omaha. From personal acquaintance with Mr. Walling and several others of the party, we can safely say that they will make good, honest and industrious citizens of Nebraska, and they will strongly adhere to their peculiar religion. This we believe, is the first party of "discontented Mormons" taking their departure from Utah who go all the way by rail.—*Corpus Christi Daily Reporter*.

### Adventure of a Boston man on a Mississippi Steamboat.

At Helena, Ark., the Boston man stopped and took another boat for Fort Pillow. On this boat was a mulatto man who had been an orderly sergeant in the Federal army and was quite intelligent, and gave the Boston man a great deal of information about the battle of Fort Hudson. The mate of the boat abused all the men, and was constantly pulling them around, cursing them in a most disgusting manner. At last, for some neglect of duty or failure to comprehend his commands, the mate got exceedingly angry with the mate, and waving a window sash filled with glass at an eight in thick, he raised it to strike the mulatto. The latter dodged the blow and ran up the gangway, and looking into a corner near the Boston man, outspread the mate not to strike him "wid dat glass." The mate rushed at him like a demon, and with one stroke smashed the sash and glass over the offending man's head, cutting huge gashes in his cheeks and forehead, and rendering him for a moment senseless. The mate again lifted the remainder of the sash, over his head for another blow, when the Boston man caught the sash from behind, saying at the same time, coolly: "Don't you strike that man again."

Who is the devil are you? almost screamed the angry man.

No matter, I'll strike that man again.

I'll show him I'll strike that man again.

By this time a crowd had gathered around, and the mate, seeing the Boston man, outspread the mate not to strike him "wid dat glass." The mate rushed at him like a demon, and with one stroke smashed the sash and glass over the offending man's head, cutting huge gashes in his cheeks and forehead, and rendering him for a moment senseless. The mate again lifted the remainder of the sash, over his head for another blow, when the Boston man caught the sash from behind, saying at the same time, coolly: "Don't you strike that man again."

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# POINTS OF AN AYRSHIRE COW.

Several years since, when Mr. Sanford Howland, the Ayrshire Agricultural Association established a scale of points for Ayrshire cows, which was published under the authority of the association. Subsequently, the following ingenious re-education of the points alluded to, appeared in a Scottish paper:

Would you know how to judge of a good Ayrshire cow? Attend to the lesson you'll hear from me now: Her head should be short, and her muzzle good size; Her nose should be fine between muzzle and eyes; Her eyes full and lively; forehead ample and wide; Horns wide, looking up, and curved inwardly; Her neck should be a fine, tapering wedge; And free from loose skin on the underneath edge; Should be fine where it is joined with the seat of the brain; Long and straight upper lines, without hollow or mane; Shoulder-blades should be thin where they meet at the top; Low her brisket light, not resemble a crop; Her forepart recede like the lath of a ship; And strongly resemble the bow of a ship; Her back short and straight, with the spine well defined; Especially where back, neck, and shoulders are joined; Her ribs short and arched, like the ribs of a barrel; Body deep at the flanks, and milk-veins full and large; Pelvis long, broad and straight, and in some measure, flat; Back-bones wide apart, and not bearing much fat; Her thighs deep and broad, neither rounded or flat; Her tail long and fine, and joined square with her body; Milk vessels capacious, and forward extending; The udder part broad, and to body fast pending; The sole of her udder should just form a plane; And all the four teats equal thickness attain; Their length not exceeding two inches or three; They should hang to the earth perpendicular; Their distance apart, when they are viewed from behind; Will include about half of the udder you'll find; And, when viewed from the side, they will have at each end As much of the udder as 'tween them is joined; Her legs should be short, and the hocks fine and clean; The points of the latter being quite firm and keen; Skin soft and elastic as the cushions of air; And covered all over with short woolly hair; The colors preferred are confined to a few— Either brown and white chequered, or all brown will do; The weight of the animal, leaving the stall, Should be about five hundred and fifty.

## Alligators' Nests.

These nests resemble haystacks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dead grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of muscicomic. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemburg, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but he was recommended, before he closed it, to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies.—*Lyell, the Geologist.*

## How Centenarians Live.

Galen, one of the most distinguished of the ancient physicians, lived one hundred and forty years, and composed between seven and eight hundred essays on medical and philosophical subjects; and he was always, after the age of twenty-eight, extremely sparing in the quantity of his food. The Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who lived one hundred and ten years, was invariably an Englishman in his diet. One Lawrence, an Englishman, by temperance and labor, lived one hundred and forty years; and one Kenton, called St. Mongah, who never tasted spirit or wine, and slept on the ground, and labored hard, died at the age of one hundred and eighty-five. Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who died at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, was a poor fisherman, as long as he could follow his pursuit, and ultimately he became a beggar, living uniformly on the coarsest and most sparing diet. (Old Pare, already famous, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-three, was a farmer of extremely abstemious habits, his diet being solely milk, cheese, coarse bread, small-beer, and whey. At the age of one hundred and twenty, he married a second wife, by whom he had a child. But being taken to court by the Earl of Arundel, as a great curiosity, in his one hundred and fifty-second year, he very soon died, as the physician decidedly testified after dissection, in consequence of a change from a parsimonious to a plentiful diet. Henry Francisco, another famous case, lived to about one hundred and forty in this country, and was, except for a certain period, when he became attached to ardent spirit, "remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and abstaining almost entirely from animal food," his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter and baked apples. A Mr. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Massachusetts, who died at the age of one hundred and seven years, lived very much upon milk, and that in small quantity; and his son, Michael Pratt, attained to the age of one hundred and three years, by similar means. Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite is a sign of disease, or a strong tendency of disease, and not a sign of health, as is generally supposed. Ill health as infallibly follows the indulgence of such an appetite, as any other effect its legitimate cause.

## Sawdust for Bedding.

The London Field contains the following account of an experiment with this material:

"Having used sawdust as a bedding for horses for a length of time, results of my experience may not be unacceptable to some of your inquiring readers. Litter the horses on it to the depth of six or nine inches, raking it every morning, and spreading evenly a little fresh, removing the whole only four times a year. Its advantages appear to be many, of which I will state a few which give it, in my estimation, its great superiority over straw. It is much cleaner and more easily arranged, and of course much cheaper at first cost, making in the end much excellent manure. It is peculiarly beneficial to the feet, affording them a cool, porous stuffing, a substitute for the soil of earth we always find in the hoofs of a horse at grass, and present the nearest resemblance to the horse's natural footing—the earth.

"We have never had a diseased foot since the introduction of sawdust in the stable, now some years since. Horses bedded on sawdust are also freed from dust and stains than when on ordinary litter, (simply because sawdust is a better absorbent perhaps), and testify their own approval of it by frequently rooting and lying down for hours in the day. It has also the recommendation of being unchangeable—an advantage which all in charge of horses with the habit of concealing their litter, will readily admit. Being free from pungent smell, which is apt to accompany straw, (unless scrupulously kept), it is innocent to weak eyes, and its slight turpentine odor is rather a sweetener than otherwise. It makes (when converted into a manure) the best possible foundation for hot-beds, and, unlike other stable manure, forms no harbor of refuge for vermin. Pine sawdust is the best, and oak the worst, as the latter turns black the second day."

## Facts in Physiology.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the twenty-eighth part of the body, but in the horse but a four-hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life.

About the age of 36 the lean man generally becomes fatter and the fat man leaner.

Richter enumerates 690 distinct species of diseases in the eye.

The pulse of children is 150 in a minute; at puberty it is 80; and at 60 it is only 60.

Dr. Letsom ascribes health and wealth to water; happiness to small beer; and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy, full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

Bats in India are called flying foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip.

Sheep, in wild pastures, practice self defense by an array in which the ram stands foremost in concert, with ewes and lambs in the center of a hollow square.

Three Hudson's Bay dogs draw a sledge loaded with 300 pounds 13 miles a day.

One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,169, taking the increase at fourteen pigs each per annum.

A pair of sheep in the same time would be but 64.

A single female house fly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs.

The flea, grasshopper and locust jump 200 times their own length.

Equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

## Preparation of Whitewash.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way:

Take a clean water-tight barrel or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime, slake it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been thoroughly effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unsightly appearance to the work.

If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead color by the addition of lamp, vine, or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of amber, Turkish or American—the latter is the cheapest—one pound of Indian red, one pound of common lamp-black. For common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lamp-black. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior both in appearance and durability to the common whitewash.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

The first stone pavements in New York were laid in the year 1658. The street which was first improved in this manner was Stone Street, between Broad and Whitehall Streets. "The pavement of Bridge Street," says Valentine, in the first volume of his History of the City of New York, "followed in the same year, and within the subsequent two years, several of the other streets, most used, and situated in low ground, were likewise paved. These pavements were of cobblestones, without foot-walks for passengers, the gutter for carrying off the water running through the middle of the street."

## Winter Goods!

## THE Largest Stock

Ever brought into Faribault county is now in the store of

**Moulton and Deudon.**

The Latest Style of Paisley Shawls, Large-line Double Shawls and Cloaks, HATS, CAPS & CLOTHS, Cassimere Delains, Belgian Delains, Rep Delains, India Cloth, EMPRESS CLOTHS, Wool Poplin, Chinchilla Poplin, Raffle Skirts and Boulevard Skirts, may now be found at this store.

In addition to the above mentioned articles of the present most fashionable patterns, you will always find at the Faribault county

## EMPORIUM.

A well selected assortment of

**HOOP SKIRTS,** from the "Odessa Skirt Company," which are unsurpassed by any other Hoop Skirt in use, as regards Durability, Comfort and Style.

And also a large stock of Groceries, Pork, Hams, BUTTER, Lard, Wheat, Corn, POTATOES, Onions, Flour, Meal, &c., &c. ALSO EVERY DESCRIPTION OF Crockery, Glassware, Looking-glasses, Lamps, Lanterns, Machine and Kerosene Oil, Sugar Buckets and Boxes, AND BOOTS & SHOES, of all sizes, and many styles.

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Sep. 30, 1868. 257

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Is retailed at a price within the reach of all. This Machine uses a straight needle, makes the LOCK STITCH (all over both sides), has a self-adjusting tension, and can do every variety of sewing. It will hem, fell, bind, cord, braid, seam, quilt, tack, ruffle, and gather; will work equally well on silk, linen, woolen, or cotton goods, with silk, linen, or cotton thread.

## THE American Shuttle Sewing Machine

Is

## Warranted for Five Years!

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We wish to arrange with agents, male or female, to represent the American Shuttle Sewing Machine, in each State, County, and Town in the United States and Ontario. Extra inducements to experienced Agents. For full particulars, as to salary or commission, address

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N. B.—For the benefit of our Agents we have arranged with parties who have Goods suitable for Sewing Machine agents to sell. We will send Book of Samples and full particulars on receipt of one red stamp. Address C. V. N. Andrews, General Agent, Detroit, Mich. 257

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Winnebago City, Minn.

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Winnebago City, Minn. 243

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F. M. PEIRCE.

Winnebago City, Minn., 8. 1868. 257

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HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

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2001

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Fisher & Sullivan,

OWATONNA, MINN.

June 9th, 1868. 293

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Office in Winnebago City, and Stable in the rear.

RINGOLD BROS.

Winnebago City, Jan. 18th, 1869. 273

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Corner of Second and Cherry Sts.,  
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L. G. BAROTT, Proprietor.  
THIS above house, just completed and furnished  
new throughout, is opened to the public.  
Accommodations unsurpassed by any public  
house in the country, and terms reasonable.  
Farmers will always find a comfortable livery,  
plenty of good feed, and the best of care for their  
horses. 2251

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STAGE LINE  
Leaves Winnebago City, Mondays, Wednesdays,  
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LAKE, GROVELAND, and BASS LAKE.  
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TWENTY MILES of travel, and money, and will ride  
only in the daytime, going through in ONE DAY.  
THOMAS GEORGE, Proprietor.  
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"Power, what's the matter with you?  
Scurry, I don't know." Richard III.  
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sale by the Can or Keg.  
Gentlemen, keep good Liquors.  
A. F. VICKHAM,  
Winnebago City, Dec. 9, 1865. 2251

# Free Homestead.

VOL. 6. NO. 35. WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1865. WHOLE NO. 205.

## THE BATTLE OF BASILE RENAUD.

The summer sun beheads Aton,  
The harvest that keeps promise true,  
And I have kept my faith with you—  
Basile Renaud!

The sun forsook my dungeon walls,  
Across the fence no shadow falls,  
I hear no answer to my call—  
Basile Renaud!

My name was Clara Madrilaine;  
I had a sister—I had one,  
Who should have been a hooded nun;  
That made us three.

Marie and I dwelt in the tower,  
But Angeline had gone away,  
And in a convent made her lover—  
The convent of St. Brice.

There came a lover to our hands;  
I wore my hair in shining bands,  
And put bright jewels on my hands—  
Basile Renaud!

He gave me a beautiful ring,  
For him I learned to smile and sing,  
"Proud Clara, have you found your king?"  
They said to me.

So from the mine came Angeline,  
For her farewell. Oh! she was meek,  
With softly tossed down her cheek,  
And dark eyes soft to see.

My love he held her gentle face,  
Her little hands, and tender grace—  
How dared you give her my right place?  
Basile Renaud!

I seemed at her, I hated him;  
But Marie said, "His eyes are dim,  
We're not alone, so can thy requiem—"  
Basile Renaud!

We took our own way, not would show  
More signs of vengeance than the snow  
That hides a traveler far below.  
His shining drift.

The winter nights came on too fast,  
But they too did not hear the blast  
That howled, and howled, and whistled past,  
And muttered in the rift.

One night we were both grave and gay,  
For Angeline had gone away,  
And one was left, but you would play—  
Basile Renaud!

The firelight glimmered in the hall,  
The voices faded with the fall,  
I, blinded, hunted to the wall—  
Basile Renaud!

"You must be hunted," Marie said,  
She held the torch, and so he fled;  
I had a knife—and it grew red—  
But not with flame.

His brow bent down upon my arm;  
I laughed to see the working charm;  
He had no will to do us harm,  
No death to murder blame.

They hated us to a prison high,  
Where all day long thick shadows lie,  
And in the sunlight we should die—  
Basile Renaud!

But I had vengeance, though there be  
Angeline in the memory,  
Basile Renaud!

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE BLACK  
SMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN  
PASS.

At the entrance of one of those gorges  
or gaps in the great Appalachian chain of  
mountains, in their passage across the  
northern portion of Georgia, a black  
smith had erected his forge, in the early  
settlement of that region by the American  
race, and drove a thrifty trade in the  
way of facing axes and pointing plows  
for the settler, and shoeing horses for the  
wayfaring people in their transit through  
the country to examine gold mines and  
land.

As he was no ordinary personage in  
the affairs of his neighborhood, and will  
make a conspicuous figure in this narra-  
tive, some account of his peculiarities  
will not be uninteresting. Having acted  
through life on a homely maxim of his  
own—"pay up as you go up"—he had  
acquired some money and was out of  
debt, and consequently enjoyed the  
"glorious privilege of living independ-  
ent," to a degree that is unknown to  
many who occupy a larger portion of the  
world's attention than himself. He was  
a burly, well-looking man of thirty-five,  
just young enough to feel that all his fac-  
ilities, mental and physical, had reached  
their greatest development, and just old  
enough to have amassed a sufficient ex-  
perience of men and things to make the  
best service as a finger-post to his future  
journey through life. With a shrewd,  
but open, bold and honest look, there  
was a gleeful expression in the corners  
of his eyes, that spoke of fun. The  
"laughing devil in the eye" was not a  
malicious spirit, however. The physical  
conformation was that which combined  
great strength with agility, and if he had  
been fated to have been a contemporary  
with his great prototype, Vulcan, there  
can be no doubt but the Lemnian black-  
smith would have allotted to him a front  
page in his establishment, to act as a  
sort of pattern card, and to divert the  
public gaze from his own game leg to the  
fair proportions of his forerunner.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for  
such was the name he had inherited  
from some Gallie ancestor, was a good  
natured man, yet the possessor of re-  
markable muscular strength and cour-  
age, and the admiration which a successful  
exercise of this power never fails to com-  
mand, had somewhat spoiled him. With-  
out meaning to injure any mortal, he had  
managed nevertheless to try his prowess  
on some of his neighbors, and from the  
success which always crowned his honest  
efforts in that way, had unconsciously ac-  
quired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of  
elementary education, he had neverthe-  
less, at different times, collected a mass  
of heterogeneous information, which he  
was very fond of displaying on all oc-  
casions. He was a sort of political anti-  
quary, and could tell the opinion of Mr.  
Jefferson or Mr. Madison, on any sub-  
ject, and was referred to on all disputed  
points of the theory and history of the  
government, that arose among the can-  
didates for the legislature and country  
politicians. This he studied on account  
of the consequence it invested with him.

But why he had treasured up an old  
well-thumbed copy of Paine's "Age of  
Reason," and affected scepticism, as to  
the veracity of Jonah and the whale, and  
Balaam and his ass, would be hard ac-  
counting for, unless it proceeded from  
the desire of a character for singularity  
and erudition. When vanity once gets  
the mastery of man's reason, there is no  
telling the absurdities it will lead him  
into.

He was fond of speaking of Volun-  
teer, and being found with a copy of  
Taylor's "Diagnosis" in his hand, al-  
though few of his neighbors had heard of  
the author of the "Ruins," or knew  
what the Diagnosis meant.

The peculiarity, together with the  
pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester  
and Butler, which carried them to the  
penitentiary, may account for the great  
aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron, his dis-  
like for them was so excessive that he  
could not speak of the "hypocritical  
soundings," as he called them, without  
flying into a passion and using indecor-  
ous language.

But a circumstance occurred which  
gave him a distinct and sectarian di-  
rection. A Methodist preacher over in  
Tennessee, who was fond of spinning his  
discourse with anecdotes, once made the  
blacksmith the principal character of a  
long sermon. His peculiarities were di-  
lated upon and his heresies dealt with,  
in becoming severity. All this came to  
the ear of Forgeron, with such additions  
and embellishments as stories usually re-  
ceive in passing, to a third person. It  
would be as useless to attempt to de-  
scribe a mountain storm, as to picture the  
wrath of this mountaineer. But if we  
cannot portray the storm, the consequen-  
ces may be easily told. The blacksmith,  
sworn in his wrath he would whip every  
Methodist preacher that passed his gate,  
in revenge of his insult.

Forgeron was a man of his word, as  
the bruised features of many of John  
Weber's disciples could testify. His  
character soon was abroad, and the  
good matrons of the surrounding coun-  
ties on each side of the mountain, trem-  
bled at his name. In short, the moun-  
tain pass, which was really a romantic  
place as a landscape painter would ask for  
a picture, and was just the spot to re-  
mind a youth fresh from his classic  
studies, of the place where Leonidas and  
his three hundred Spartans fell in at-  
tempting to defend Greece against the  
army of Xerxes. In despite of the grand-  
eur of its healing cliffs, and the beauty  
of its verdure, was associated in the  
minds of many pious persons, with the  
brood that leads to destruction.

And Ned Forgeron, the handsome black-  
smith, was invested with the attributes  
and hideous aspect of his satanic majes-  
ty, by many a mountain girl, who would  
doubtless have fallen in "love at first  
sight," with him, under any other name.

The preacher whose circuit lay on  
either side of the mountain, at the time  
Ned's dreadful evil was promulgated to  
the world, was a meek and lovely man,  
who approached nearly in his natural  
disposition, to willing obedience to the  
mandate relative to turning the cheek to  
the smiter. The poor soul passed many  
sleepless nights in view of the fate that  
awaited him at the mountain pass. In  
his dreams he saw Forgeron with his  
huge sledge-hammer in his hands, ready  
to dash out his brains, and would start  
with such violence as to awake himself.

He inquired if there was no other place  
at which the mountain could be passed,  
only to know his doom more certainly.  
Being a timid man, but withal devotedly  
impressed with the sense of his duty, he  
resolved to discharge his duties faith-  
fully, he the consequences what they  
might. Like a lamb going to slaughter  
he went his way towards the gap;  
as he came in front of the shop, the  
blacksmith was striking his last blow on  
a shovel, and singing to the tune of  
"Clear the kitchen."

"Oh! Georgia is a noble State,  
Her laws are good, and her people great."  
On catching a glimpse of the poor per-  
son, who flattered himself that he was  
about to pass with impunity, Ned sung  
out—"Stop, there, you eternal shad-bell-  
ly, pay the penalty of my injured rep-  
utation."

The holy man protested innocence of  
having injured him intentionally by word  
or deed.

The man's subdued look and earnest  
voice had half dissuaded Ned from his  
stern purpose, when the gliding of his  
striker, and the cheering of two or three  
idlers, nerve him to do what he felt was  
mean. Let any one pause for a moment,  
and reflect if he has ever been urged on  
to acts his conscience smote him for, by  
the opinion of others, before Mr. Forgeron  
is sentenced as a devil. The preacher  
received several boxes on his ears, and  
heard many denunciations against his  
self before he was permitted to depart,  
and when that permission was received,  
he was not slow in availing himself of  
the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when  
circuits were assigned to the different  
preachers, this one made his appearance  
punctually, but by some process of cas-  
trity, convinced himself that his duty  
did not call for a revelation of his suffer-  
ings. If he was too sensitive of the  
blacksmith's character to expose it to  
rude remark, or if he had a preference  
that some worthy brother should oc-  
cupy that healthy station among the

mountains, is difficult to conjecture. But  
Forgeron's reputation had extended be-  
yond the circuit, and was done ample and  
severe justice to by others, who heard  
of his fame. It soon became the sub-  
ject of animated conversation, and there  
was no little whining; each one feared  
that it would be his cruel fate to be sent  
a victim to appease the wrath of this hu-  
man minotaur against the Methodist  
church.

After a time it was decreed that the  
Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth was the  
doomed individual; and when the anni-  
ciation came many on eye of mingled pity  
and curiosity was turned on his ruddy,  
good-natured face, to see how the dispen-  
sation was borne; but not a muscle  
moved. With a quiet smile, he dis-  
played a perfect willingness to go where  
he was sent. He "was clay in the hands  
of the potter," he said. If he piqued  
himself on a stolid indifference to the  
blacksmith's punnelling, or if he relied  
on his ample dimensions to protect him-  
self, he never disclosed, but appeared as  
self-satisfied and content as ever. His  
predecessor looked for all the world like  
a mouse just escaped from the fangs of  
some terrible goblin.

Mr. Stubbleworth arranged his few  
sublimity affairs, and bidding his friends  
adieu, mounted his old horse and departed  
for his new home of trials, with a song  
of praise on his lips. Let us hope the  
best for him.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very  
much pleased with his new situation.  
Having been transferred from a level  
plain woods country, near the confines of  
Florida, the novelty of the mountain  
scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere,  
seemed to inspire him with new life.  
Complimenting all the mothers on the  
singular beauty and intelligence of their  
children, with a delicate allusion to their  
own personal appearance, he soon be-  
came a general favorite. Mr. Stubbleworth  
"knew which side of his bread his butter  
was on."

The time arrived for his departure to  
visit the transmontane portion of his pas-  
toral care, he was warned of the dangers  
he was about to encounter, but they  
were whistled with the same placid smile.  
The worthy ladies pictured to him "eli-  
mentary dire," sufficient to have abated  
the zeal of any other individual. But  
that gentleman quoted their fears by  
appealing to the power that "tempers the  
wind to the shorn lamb," with a counte-  
nance as lamb-like as could be imagined.  
And he departed singing—

"At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
At thy summons my demand, shall thy strength  
ever be."

They watched him until his portly  
person grew dim in the distance, and  
turned away, sighing, that such a good  
man should fall into the hands of that  
monster, the blacksmith.

Forgeron had heard of his new victim,  
and rejoiced that his size and appearance  
furnished a better subject for his ven-  
geance than the attenuated frame of the  
late parson. O what a nice beating he  
would have! He had heard too that  
some Methodist preachers were quite  
spirited, and hoped that this one might  
prove so, that he might provoke him to  
fight. Knowing that the clergyman  
must pass on Saturday in the afternoon,  
he gave his strikers a holiday, and reclin-  
ing on a bench, regarded himself on the  
beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the ap-  
proach of the preacher.

It was not over an hour before he heard  
the words—  
"How happy are they who their Savior obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above."  
Ned sang in a full clear voice; and soon  
the vocalist, turning in the angle of the rock,  
rode leisurely up with a contented smile  
on his face.

"How are you, old slab sides? Get  
off your horse and join in my devotions,"  
said the blacksmith.

"I have many miles to ride," answer-  
ed the preacher, "and haven't time, my  
friend; I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you  
are the hypocrite the Methodists have  
sent here eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he re-  
plied, lookingly.

"Didn't you know that my name was  
Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what  
whips every Methodist preacher that  
goes through this gap?" was asked with  
an audacious look; "and how dare you  
come here?"

The preacher replied, that he had  
heard Forgeron's name, but presumed  
he did not molest well behaved travel-  
ers.

"You presume so! Yes, you are the  
most presumptuous people, you Metho-  
dists, that ever trod shoe leather any-  
where. Well, what'll you do if I don't  
whip you this time, you beef-headed dis-  
ciple you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth possessed his will-  
ingness to do anything reasonable to  
avoid much penance.

"Well, there's three things you have  
to do, or I'll mail you into a jelly.  
The first is you are to quit preaching;  
the second is, you must wear 'this last  
will and testament' of Tom Paine next to  
your heart, read it every day, and believe  
every word you read; and the third is,  
you are to curse the Methodists in every  
crowd you get into."

The preacher looked on during these  
novel preparations without a line of his  
face moving, and at the end, replied that  
the terms were unreasonable, and he  
would not submit to them.

"Well, you have got a whetting to sub-  
mit to, then. I'll larup you like blazes!  
I'll tear you into doll rags, corner ways!  
Get down, you long-faced hypocrite!"

The preacher remonstrated, and For-  
geron walked up to his horse and threat-  
ened to tear him off, if he did not dis-  
mount—whereupon the worthy man  
made a virtue of necessity, and alighted.

"I have but one request to make, my  
friend, that is that you won't beat me  
with this overcoat on. It was a present  
from the ladies of my last circuit, and I  
do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you  
basin-faced imp!"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew  
off his overcoat, as the blacksmith con-  
tinued his tirade of abuse on himself and  
his sect; and as he drew his right hand  
from the sleeve, and threw the garment  
behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a  
tremendous blow between his eyes, which  
laid that person at full length on the  
ground, with the testament of Tom Paine  
beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubble-  
worth, with the tact of a connoisseur in  
such matters, did not wait for his adver-  
sary to rise, but mounted him with the  
quickness of a cat, and bestowed his  
blows with a boundless hand on the  
stomach and face of the blacksmith, con-  
tinuing his song where he had left off on  
his arrival at the smithery—

"Tongue can not express, the sweet comfort and  
peace,  
Of a soul in its earliest love,"  
until Forgeron, from having experienced  
"first love," or some other sensation  
equally new to him, responded lustily,  
"I ought to have said, 'take him off!'"

But unfortunately, there was no one by to  
perform that kind office, except the old  
man, and he munched a bunch of grass,  
and looked on as quietly as if his master  
was "happy" at a camp meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there  
are three things you must promise me  
before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron  
eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never mo-  
lest a Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitat-  
ed; and the reverend gentleman, with his  
usual homely smile, on his face, renewed  
his blows, and sang:

"I rode on the sky, freely justified I,  
And the moon it was under my feet."  
This oriental language overcame the  
blacksmith. Such bold figures, or some-  
thing else, caused him to sing out, "well  
I'll do it—I'll do it."

"You are getting on very well," said  
Mr. Stubbleworth: "I think I can make  
a decent man of you yet, and perhaps  
a Christian."

Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is  
to go to Pumpkinville Creek meeting  
house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer some ex-  
cuse, "I—I—that is—"

When the divine resumed his devotion-  
al hymn, and kept time with the music,  
striking him over the face with the fleshy  
part of his hand—

"My soul ascended higher, in a chariot of fire,  
For did ever I wish his seat!"

Ned's promise of punctuality caused  
the parson's exercise to cease, and the  
words redolent of gorgeous imagery, died  
away in the echoes from the adjacent  
crags.

"Now, the third and last command is  
peremptory." Ned was all attention to  
know what was to come next. "You  
are to promise to seek religion, day and  
night, and never rest until you obtain it  
at the hands of a Red-emptor." The fall-  
en man looked at the declining sun, and  
then at the parson, and knew not what  
to say, when the latter individual raised  
his voice in song once more, and knew  
what would come next.

"I'll do my best," he said in an hun-  
ble voice.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubble-  
worth, "now get up and go down to the  
spring, and wash your face, and dust  
your clothes, and tear up Tom Paine's  
testament, and turn your thoughts on  
high."

Ned rose with feelings he had never  
experienced before, and went to obey  
the lavatory injunction of the preacher,  
when that gentleman mounted his horse,  
took Ned by the hand and said, "keep  
your promise, and I'll keep your coun-  
sel."

Good evening Sir,—I'll look for you  
to-morrow; and off he rode with the  
same imperturbable countenance, singing  
so loud as to scare the eagles from their  
eyrie, in the overhanging rocks.

Well, though Ned, this was a nice busi-  
ness!—What would people say if they  
knew Edward Forgeron was whipped be-  
fore his own door in the gap, and that  
too, by a Methodist preacher!—But his  
musings were more in sorrow than in an-  
ger.

The disgruntled countenance of Forgeron  
was of course the subject of numer-  
ous questions that night, amongst his  
friends, to which he replied with a stern  
look they well understood, and the vague  
remark that he had met with an accident.  
Of course they never dreamed of the  
cause. Forgeron looked in the glass,  
and compared the changing of his black  
eye from a recent scuffle, to the rainbow  
spectrum scene—"blending every color  
into one." Or perhaps he had never  
read that story—and only muttered to  
himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a  
Methodist preacher."

His dreams that night were of a con-

fused and disagreeable nature; and wait-  
ing in the morning, he had an indistinct  
memory of something unpleasant having  
occurred. At first he could not recollect  
the cause of his feelings; but the bruises  
on his face and body soon called them to  
mind, as well as the promise. He mount-  
ed his horse in silence and went to re-  
deem it.

From that time, his whole conduct  
manifested a change of feeling. The  
gossips of the neighborhood observed it,  
and whispered that Ned was silent and  
serious, and had gone to meeting every  
Sunday since the accident. They won-  
dered at his burning the books he used to  
read so much. Strange stories were  
circulating as to the metamorphose of  
this jocular, dare-devil blacksmith into a  
gloomy and taciturn man. Some sup-  
posed, very sagely, that a "spirit" had  
entered him into the mountains, and after  
giving him a glimpse into the future, had  
united him to a crag, where he had fallen  
and bruised his face. Others gave the  
price of darkness credit of the change;  
but none suspected the Methodist preach-  
er, and the latter gentleman having no  
vanity to gratify, the secret remained  
with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued  
until Forgeron visited a camp meeting.  
The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a  
sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and  
relieve it of a burden, and the song of—

"How happy are they, who their Savior obey,"  
was only half through, when he felt like  
a new man. Forgeron was from that  
time a shouting Methodist. At a love-  
feast a short time subsequently, he gave  
in his "experience," and revealed the  
mystery of his conviction and conversa-  
tion to his astonished neighbors. The  
Rev. S. Stubbleworth, who had faithfully  
kept the secret until that time, could  
contain himself no longer, but gave vent  
to his feelings in convulsive peals of  
laughter, as the burning tears of heart-  
felt joy coursed their way down his  
cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," he said, "it is a  
fact, I did mount the grace into his un-  
believing soul, there's no doubt!"  
The blacksmith of the mountain pass  
became a happy man, and a Methodist  
preacher.

Genesis.

When you meet with neglect, let it  
rouse you to exertion, instead of mortify-  
ing your pride. Set about lessening  
those defects which expose you to neg-  
lect; and improve those excellences  
which command attention and respect.

Don't be too severe on your own  
failings; keep on, don't faint, be en-  
ergetic to the last.

Take cheerful views, hope for the best,  
and trust in God.

Let every man be occupied, and occu-  
pied in the highest employment of which  
his nature is capable, and die with the  
consciousness that he has done his best.

Some very excellent people tell you  
they dare not hope; why do they not  
dare to hope? To me it seems much  
more impious to dare to despair.

The real way to improve is not so much  
by critical reading, as by finding out  
your weak points on any subject, and  
mastering them.

True, it is most painful not to meet  
the kindness and affection you feel you  
have deserved, and have a right to ex-  
pect from others; but it is a mistake to  
complain of it; for it is of no use; you  
cannot extort friendship with a cocked  
pistol.

Never give way to melancholy; resist  
it steadily, for the habit will encrease.  
I once gave a lady twenty and twenty  
receptives against melancholy; one was  
bright fire; another to remember all the  
pleasant things said to and of her; anoth-  
er to keep a box of sugar plums on her  
chimney piece, and a kettle simmering  
on the hob. I thought this mere trifling  
at the moment, but have in after-life  
discovered how true it is that these little  
pleasures often banish melancholy, and  
that no means ought to be thought  
too trifling which can oppose it either in  
ourselves or others.—Sidney Smith.

Have you learned to know you are  
ignorant? This is God's way of making  
wise; he bids you ask wisdom, and  
promises to give.

The highest flames are the most trem-  
ulous; and so the most holy and eminent  
christians are most full of reverence, and  
fear, and modesty, and humility.

Fear not, trembling believer. The  
bark which bears thy spiritual destiny  
is in better hands than thine; a golden  
chain of covenant love links it to the  
throne. That chain can never snap  
as



# THE FREE HOMESTEAD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1899.

TO ADVERTISERS.  
This paper has a larger circulation than any other paper in Fairbault County, and is the only paper in the county, which is printed entirely at home.

Southern Minnesota Railroad.

This road is now in operation to Lanesboro, 50 miles west of La Crosse, four trains running over it daily. Clark W. Thompson, of La Crosse, has built it thus far, and manages it at present, and has contracted to build it 180 miles west of the Mississippi river. A large force of hands is now at work on the road between a point on the Central Road near Austin, and the town of Cobb, in Fairbault county. Mr. Holley, the Chief Engineer, writes to a friend in Winnebago City, that the iron has been purchased and shipped for this section of forty miles of road, and that it will be completed this season.

Mr. Holley also writes that the Company intends completing the road to Winnebago City by the 4th of July, 1899.

The company are advertising for 2,000 hands, and evidently mean business. Col. Thompson, the general manager, owns the greater portion of the town of Cobb, and it is generally thought that Cobb will be the terminus of the road either until the point law is repealed or until the towns on the line offer subsidies equal to those offered by the northern line. The depot in Cobb will be located on Section 21, (Town 103, Range 24) a point about half way between Winnebago City and Blue Earth City, north and south. The road can be built from Cobb to Blue Earth City or to Winnebago City with about the same expense. We are of the opinion that unless Blue Earth City abandons the point policy and adopts the subsidy plan, the Winnebago City will get the road. Our interests lie with Blue Earth City, for if that town gets the road, we are quite sure of it at Fairbault. If, on the other hand, the road goes to Winnebago City, we still claim that we stand a chance to get it by "coming down" liberally, for the reason that Fairbault is located near the center of the railroad lands north and south. If the road should be run directly west from Winnebago City, it will run entirely outside their lands in this county, and through the lands of the St. Paul & Sioux City Road, enhancing largely the value of these lands to the neglect or disadvantage of their own.

The company own nearly 100,000 acres of land in this county, and we do not believe that the road will be built on Elm Creek, or north of Elm Creek entirely outside this tract, when by building eight miles south of the located line, through Fairbault, they will build their road through the center of their lands, increasing their value four fold.

We can not see why the road should go to Winnebago City, except for the subsidies offered. \$65,000 have been offered by the northern line. An equal amount ought to take the road to Blue Earth City, and we firmly believe will do it, notwithstanding present indications are decidedly in favor of Winnebago City.

Our people should be ready to do what they can to encourage the completion of the road, not doubting for a moment but that we shall get it at an early day. Looking at the matter from our stand point, we have not the least doubt but that Fairbault will get the road. Point laws, however, will not do it, but the more inspiring force of greenbacks will.

Martin County Atlas.  
The fallacy of the entire argument in the above article, going to show that Blue Earth City and Fairbault are as likely to get the Southern Minnesota Railroad, as Winnebago City, will be seen at once, when we inform our readers that the depot in Cobb will not be located on Section twenty-one, "a point about half way between Winnebago City and Blue Earth City, north and south," but that it was finally and unalterably located several days after the last Atlas made its appearance, on Section five, some township and range as above, and is therefore exactly three-fourths of a mile south of Winnebago City.

The depot in Cobb will be on the south-east quarter of Section five, (Town 103, Range 24), and we are assured that the depot in the village of Winnebago City will be located within sixty days. So note it be.

Martin Williams, Esq., of the St. Peter Tribune, has sold that paper to Mr. J. K. Moore. It is too bad, Williams, that you should desert the ranks, but we cannot blame you for wishing to engage in some more lucrative business.

## STATE ITEMS.

St. Charles is to have a banking house. On Thursday, the 17th inst., the veterans of the old First Minnesota Regiment held their third annual reunion at White Bear Lake, near St. Paul. On the 14th of July, the Tenth Minnesota will also have a social reunion and a good time.

A Father Mathew Temperance Society was organized in Fairbault, on the 15th inst., by Father Mathew. About thirty persons enrolled their names.

Judge Austin's safe at St. Peter, which stands in the Court House, was pried open last Wednesday night, by burglars. They found nothing except legal papers, which were left undisturbed.

The corner stone of the Normal School building at Mankato was laid yesterday. Charles L. Wood, who lost \$6,000 over the St. Paul bridge, and was afterwards arrested by his employers on the charge of embezzlement, was discharged last Friday, there being no proof that he did not lose the money as he claimed.

Mr. John Robson, of Winona, has shipped, through the Daulton elevator, within the past three weeks, from Winona and other points in Minnesota, two hundred thousand bushels of wheat in bulk, and 25,000 barrels of flour.

Wheat received at the Winona elevator, last week, 50,330 bushels; shipped, 75,861 bushels; remaining in the elevator, 94,377 bushels.

From fifty to seventy five emigrant teams have passed through Wilton daily, for the last two or three weeks. The emigrants are Yankees, Norwegians, Germans, Irish and French.

NEWSPAPER CHANGES.—A. J. Reed has sold the St. Cloud Times to Judge Evans, of St. Cloud, and J. J. Greene, formerly of Winona.

The Union, of Hastings, has been purchased by Segrave Smith, a gentleman of ability.—*Martin Co. Atlas.*  
Scandinavia seems as if it were actually coming to America. The papers teem with immigration paragraphs. A thousand one day—the next—the next—on. There does not seem any tendency to stop. Sweden and Norway gave us nearly 20,000 last year. Minnesota is getting a good share of them. Let them come. They are welcome. For the most part, sober, industrious, strong to labor, intelligent, many of them educated, moral, unclannish, easily Americanized, they are among the very best immigrants that Europe sends to our shores.—*Exchange.*

The Southern Minnesota railroad is beginning to look like business. We are informed that they have commenced work on the line leading from Lanesboro to Chittfield, while between Austin and Winnebago, and more are wanted. The *Chittfield Journal* learns that E. D. Thompson of Hokah, has gone east to purchase seven additional locomotives. Verily, this all looks as if something is to be done.—*St. Paul Press.*

Col. J. H. McAllister, agent of the great Pennsylvania Central railroad, returned from a trip over the Southern Minnesota railroad, yesterday. He speaks in the highest terms of the rapid progress of that road, the magnificent crop prospects along its route, and the flourishing towns springing up as if by magic. He classes Lanesboro among the "seven wonders of the State"—*St. Paul Press.*

Major Woolfolk has taken a partner in the person of F. G. Brown, Esq., of Illinois. We understand that Mr. Brown is a practitioner of much experience and ability, and we trust the new firm will continue to merit a large and lucrative practice.—*Mankato Union.*

Grain is scarce in Russia. The Boston Peace Jubilee was a success.

Among the letter carriers of Chicago are four graduates of Yale College.

Over sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of tickets for the Boston Peace Jubilee have already been sold, and the demand is still lively.

A British soldier who fought against the "rebels" in our revolutionary war, is now living in England, at the age of 104 years.

An Irishman in New York, named Michael Barnes, threw his wife from the second story window of his house a few days ago, from the effects of which she died.

A volcano in active eruption has been observed in one of the islands recently discovered in the Pacific ocean, known as Smith's Island. The roaring of the internal fires is said to be fearful, and a dense mass of smoke and steam is continually ascending from the island.

Brigham Young openly announced in a recent sermon, that he intended to crush out all the small retail dealers, and compel all the mercantile business to be done through his great monopoly, in the "Wholesale Co-operative store," in order to drive the others into the various productive industries.

A bright-eyed little fellow in one of the private schools in Brooklyn, administered a sharp rebuke to the teacher the other day. Having spelled a word, his instructor said: "Are you willing to bet you are right, Bonnie?" The little boy looked up with surprise, and replied: "I know it's right, Miss V., but I never bet."

The Butchers' monopoly of New Orleans is much incensed at the organization of a Slaughter House Company. The citizens, however, are glad to get relief from the extortions of the Butchers' Association.

The portrait of Vice-President Colfax has been going the rounds of the French illustrated papers doing duty for the face of Minister Washburne.

The prize fight between McCool and Allan, took place near St. Louis, on Wednesday, and was attended by zealous so shameful that even the roughs themselves denounce the whole affair as a gross outrage. Allan "punished" his antagonist severely, and it is said that the former came off master of the "situation." At the end of the sixth round the rope was cut by McCool's friends, who saw that their man was no match for Allan. Pistols and knives were furnished with a perfect abandon. The affair has produced considerable excitement in St. Louis.

# DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY HARRY JANE TAYLOR.

Whether you like poetry, or whether poetry is to you only another name for "sentimentality," look on the following verses.

I.  
Fleeting clouds and an azure sky,  
Jagged cliffs and a bay;  
Twilight shadows stealing nigh,  
And blue sea stretching away;  
Two that were walking hand in hand,  
As two that loved might be—  
Gathering shells on the golden strand,  
Down by the summer sea!

II.  
Tender eyes that were deeply blue,  
Eyes that were cold and grey;  
And one is false and one is true—  
Striding there by the bay,  
Temper and temper walking the strand,  
As two that loved might be—  
Tenderly, cruelly, hand in hand,  
Down by the summer sea!

III.  
Stormy sea and a leaden sky,  
And waves that break and foam;  
With dreary land and fearful eye—  
Down by the bay alone:  
And one is sad, on the dreary sands,  
As a broken heart can be—  
Weeping bitterly, wringing her hands,  
Down by the moaning sea!

## WHO KILLED DR. PARKMAN?

A Self Accused Murderer—Strange Letter.

We received a few days ago this unexpected letter, purporting to be written by Thomas Barrett, in relation to a murder which, at the time of its occurrence, created more excitement throughout the United States than any crime, either anterior or subsequent. Prefacing it with the remarks that we believe it either not genuine, or else the writer to be a lunatic, we yet submit it to the public as a specimen of the confidence so often thrust upon public journals:

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 21, 1899.

To the Editor of the New Orleans Times:  
Wishing to free my conscience by a brief statement of the facts about an affair that has annoyed me for nearly 20 years, if you will make this public you will relieve my mind, to a certain extent, of a grievous burden that has long been weighing me down for that long, long time.

On the 23d of November, 1879, Dr. George Parkman, of Boston, an old, respectable, and well-known physician, suddenly disappeared from his home, and, after several days, on the 27th, the remains of a man were found about the premises of the Medical College, corresponding in many respects with the missing man. Whereupon Dr. John W. Webster, who had charge of the institution, was indicted for the murder of Dr. Parkman, and was finally convicted by an ignorant and prejudiced jury of which I was a member.

Now, sir, I wish to state the truth about the affair, and to declare that the real murderer was myself.

Prof. Webster was as innocent of the crime as an unborn babe, and I wish to redeem his memory from all that has been said about him.

I will not go into any details as to the disposition made of the body, but I will say that no one has ever found them out yet.

I have lately arrived here, and, after a severe struggle with myself, I am determined to relieve myself of this terrible incubus.

Yours, truly,  
THOMAS BARRETT, of the Jury.

Upon examination of the record of the trial we find there really was a juror named Thos. Barrett, who was the second one sworn, and who is described as a printer.—*New Orleans Times.*

## Revenue Reform in the West.

An Ohio Republican writes to the *Evening Post* that the mass of the party in that State, without being free traders, are in favor of the revenue reform which Mr. Wells in his various reports has shown to be desirable and feasible:

"The people in this part of Ohio are Wells men. That is the short of it. We see that the protectionist system is all wrong and injurious; we see it more clearly every day. And we see that Mr. Wells, the Revenue Commissioner, is right. He does not propose to abolish duties on imports; but he does propose to increase the free list, as I understand him; to lower many exorbitant duties; and to lay a tariff that has revenue and not protection for its main object. And we believe in that; and as the short way of expressing ourselves, we say, 'on a piece with Wells.'"

And the *Evening Post*, free trader though it be, hereupon remarks: "We suspect that this is true in other States besides Ohio. Absolute free trade, however desirable, is not, as we have often said, nor practicable; but it is a necessary, and necessary, to make such a thorough reform of the present tariff laws as will, without much diminishing the revenue, relieve industry from the hardships under which it languishes, by making its raw material free."

The Boston League derived much of its strength from a frank acknowledgment of this fact, but other free traders, in their desire to be logically consistent, either disregard it or vainly imagine that by mere argument they may impair its force. Now, it is well to be consistent. But a fatal mistake is committed when a devotion to an abstract principle leads advocates of reform to overlook the circumstances which render the application of the free trade principle, as such, practically impossible.

The monopolists understand the position perfectly. They are above all things anxious that any discussion relating to the tariff shall be narrowed down to the single point, protection of free trade. With the issue thus defined they know that the habits and condition of the country confer upon them great advantages. The industrial interests that are more or less benefited by protection are sufficiently roused to secure

a certain organized resistance among the people to any direct proposition in favor of free trade. The financial necessities of the Government are another and not less potent element of opposition. Nothing is easier, then, than for the monopolists to conceal their profits and purposes, under a pretended regard for the Treasury and its credit, as well as for industry and its prosperity. The ultra free trader helps their game when he insists upon making war on special legislation from the standpoint of his cherished theory.

They compliment him, of course, as a fine, straightforward fellow, just as the *Tribune*, the other day, complimented Mr. Hodgskin, because the issue he presses upon the public is that from which the supporters of the present tariff system have least to dread.

The tariff is vulnerable not because it is the protectionist as distinguished from free trade, but because under the pretence of protecting it, it oppresses industry by the imposition of heavy duties on raw materials, and builds up a few rich and powerful interests at the expense of the Treasury as well as of the public. Mr. Wells has demonstrated the costliness of monopoly to the people, and its very nature makes it odious. He has shown that a reform is practicable which, by simplifying the tariff, shall reduce the cost of collection and at the same time increase its productiveness. The changes he suggests are changes that would benefit industry by lightening its burdens, and promote the fiscal advantages which must precede any great relief to the tax payer. The country understands this to be the aim and scope of revenue reform; and the enemies of monopoly will or grievously if they attempt to carry on the contest on any other platform.—*N. Y. Times.*

## GRAND ANNOUNCEMENT!

—O—

Prof. Bemis,

WITH HIS

LUMINOUS PENOPTICON

of Sacred and Oriental Secrecy, produced by the

CALCIUM LIGHT,

Will appear at the Church in

WINNEBAGO CITY, TO-NIGHT.

ADMISSION 25 cents. Children under 12 years, 15 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

## HO-HO!

A Grand Dakota

INDIAN EXHIBITION!

ONE DAY ONLY

AT

Winnebago City

FRIDAY, JUNE 25th.

INDIAN ENCAMPMENT, open every afternoon from 2 till 5 p. m.

Admittance 25 cts—No Half Price.

Grand Exhibition in the EVENING under the large pavilion.

ADMITTANCE FIFTY CENTS.

CHILDREN UNDER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, HALF PRICE.

## THE GRAND PROCESSION

Will enter Town about 10 o'clock a. m., and will make a detour of the Principal Streets, preceded by the

# DAKOTA CORNET BAND,

AND

Lake Shore Railway.

TOLEDO & CLEVELAND.

The ONLY LINE Running THROUGH TRAINS between

CHICAGO AND BUFFALO

WITHOUT TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS OR BAGGAGE.

Making this the most Comfortable, Expeditious and Only Direct Route to

Cleveland, Erie, Dunkirk, Buffalo,

AND ALL POINTS IN

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND.

All the principal Railways of the North and South connect at Chicago with the Four Daily Express Trains of the Michigan Southern Railway, leaving Chicago at 4.15 a. m., 8.00 a. m., 3.15 p. m. and 9.00 p. m.

Elegant Drawing Room Coaches

On Day Express Train, leaving Chicago at 8.00 a. m.

Palace Sleeping Coaches Daily

On the 5.15 and 9.00 p. m.

Through Express Trains For Buffalo.

Passengers for Detroit, and all points in Canada, and those for Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and New England, should purchase tickets via Michigan Southern Railway which are on sale at all principal Railway Ticket Offices, and at the Company's Office,

No. 55 Clark Street, Chicago.

F. E. MORSE,

Gen'l Pass. Agt., M. S. R. R., Chicago.

OTIS KIMBALL, Gen'l Agt., L. S. and M. S. R. R., Buffalo, N. Y.

2717

## S. RICHARDSON

Keeps Constantly on Hand

FLOUR AND FEED,

Fresh and Salt Meats,

LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

Smoking and Chewing Tobacco,

AND

SCHOOL BOOKS.

He will pay the highest market price for

WHEAT,

OATS, &

HIDES.

Winnebago City, May 26, 1892.

2917

## Winter Goods!

THE

Largest Stock

Ever brought into Fairbault county is now in the store of

Moulton and Deudon.

The Latest Style of

Paisley Shawls,

Large-line Double Shawls and Cloaks,

HATS, CAPS & CLOTHS,

Cassimere Delains,

Belgian Delains,

Rep Delains,

India Cloth,

EMPRESS CLOTHS,

Wool Poplin,

Chinchilla Poplin,

Ruffle Skirts and Boulevard Skirts,

may now be found at this store.

In addition to the above mentioned articles of the present most fashionable patterns, you will always find at the Fairbault county

## EMPORIUM.

A well selected assortment of

HOOP SKIRTS,

from the "Odessa Skirt Company," which are unsurpassed by any other Hoop Skirt in use, as regards Durability, Comfort and Style.

And also a large stock of

Groceries, Pork, Hams,

BUTTER,

Lard, Wheat, Corn,

POTATOES,

Onions, Flour, Meal, &c., &c.

ALSO EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Crockery, Glassware,

Looking-glasses,

Lamps, Lanterns,

Machine and Kerosene

Oil, Sugar Buckets and

Boxes,

AND

BOOTS & SHOES,

of all sizes, and many styles.

G. K. Moulton, of the firm of MOULTON & DEUDON, has just returned from NEW YORK CITY, where he took particular time to find the best houses, and to purchase at the bottom of the market, and confidently believes that he has secured the best qualities of goods, and at the most reasonable figures, and

THE ENTIRE STOCK

In now offered at a small advance on the original cost. Call and examine for yourselves.

Truly Yours,

MOULTON & DEUDON.

Sep. 20, 1892.

2917

# MICHIGAN SOUTHERN

AND

Lake Shore Railway.

TOLEDO & CLEVELAND.

The ONLY LINE Running THROUGH TRAINS between

CHICAGO AND BUFFALO

WITHOUT TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS OR BAGGAGE.

Making this the most Comfortable, Expeditious and Only Direct Route to

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Paisley Shawls,

Large-line Double Shawls and Cloaks,











PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS  
AT WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN.  
By E. A. HITCHCOCK,  
Editor & Proprietor.

The Free Homestead will be mailed one year to any  
address, for one dollar and fifty cents. If not paid in  
advance, the price will be two dollars.  
Notices inserted in the reading columns will be charged  
at the rate of one line for the first insertion, and ten cents  
a line for each subsequent insertion.  
Advertisements occupying one inch of space, inserted  
one week for one dollar. One column one year, seven  
dollars, and all others in proportion.

DREDS, MORTGAGES, AND OTHER  
BLANKS, neatly printed, and for sale at the  
Homestead Office.

Andrew C. Dunn,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law in Winnebago  
City, Minn., will attend to professional busi-  
ness throughout the State. 1741

J. H. SPROUT,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Blue Earth City, Minn.  
2121

Head's Hotel,  
BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.  
Billiard tables are connected with the house, and  
there is good stabling on the premises.  
2121

COLLINS' HOTEL,  
Winnebago City, Minnesota.  
E. G. A. P. COLLINS, Proprietors.  
Excellent accommodations, and charges mod-  
erate. Stages leave this house for all points. 2574

CONSTANS HOUSE,  
BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.  
J. P. CONSTANS, Proprietor.  
This popular hotel is entirely new, and furnish-  
ed in excellent style.  
2121

P. K. WISEK,  
Practical Watch-Maker, and  
JEWELER, Mankato, Minn.  
DEALER IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silver-Ware. Re-  
pairing neatly executed and warranted.  
2121

C. J. FARLEY,  
HOMOEOPATHIC  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Winnebago City,  
OFFICE AT THE DRUG STORE. 2734

MANKATO HOUSE  
GROVER C. BURT, Proprietor.  
HAVING refurnished throughout the above  
well known house, the proprietor asks a  
continuance of public patronage. Good stable  
accommodations are connected with the house.  
Charges moderate. 219

R. WAITE,  
JEWELER,  
BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.  
Has constantly on hand Clocks, Watches, Jew-  
elry, Silver-ware, Gold Pens, Musical Instru-  
ments, etc. Repairing done with dispatch and war-  
ranted. 2384

D. WEHLE,  
Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
HAS received his complete stock of American  
and imported Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.  
Repairing warranted and executed.  
FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE THE CLIFTON HOUSE,  
Mankato, Minn. 2531

C. W. MURPHY & CO.,  
Dealers in  
BOOKS & STATIONERY,  
POST OFFICE BUILDING, FRONT ST.,  
MANKATO, MINN.  
Particular attention paid to Music Orders.

SHERIDAN J. ABBOTT,  
Notary Public and Conveyancer,  
Particular attention paid to the Collec-  
tion of Debts and Payment of Taxes.  
ALL BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
Winnebago City, Minn., Aug. 29, 1888.  
2534

WINNEBAGO CITY HOTEL.  
C. K. KIMBALL, Proprietor.

GRUBB & BROTHER,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
BOOTS, SHOES,  
Leather, Findings, Shoemakers' Tools, etc.  
Front Street,  
Opposite the Post Office, Mankato, Minn.

BAROTT HOUSE,  
Corner of Second and Cherry Sts.,  
MANKATO, MINNESOTA.  
L. G. BAROTT, Proprietor.  
THIS above house, just completed and furnish-  
ed new throughout, is opened to the public.  
Accommodations unsurpassed by any public  
house in the county, and terms reasonable.  
Furnaces will always be kept in good order,  
plenty of good food, and the best of care for  
the guests. 2512

Winnebago City and Waseca  
STAGE LINE  
Leaves Winnebago City, Mondays, Wednesdays,  
and Fridays.  
Leaves Waseca, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sat-  
days. This route lies through WILTON, MINNEOTA,  
LAKE, GRAPELAND, and RICE LAKE.  
Passengers by this line will save TWENTY MILES of travel, and money, and will ride  
only in the daytime, going through in ONE DAY.  
THOMAS GEORGE, Proprietor.  
Winnebago City, Nov. 18th, 1888. 2511

"REjuvenator"  
Restaurant and Saloon.  
Opposite the COLLINS HOUSE, Winnebago City.  
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
Cigars, Old Cognac, and Habano.  
Fresh Oysters served in every style, and for  
sale by the can or keg.  
Gentlemen, I keep good Liquors.  
A. E. WICKHAM,  
Winnebago City, Dec. 9, 1888. 2611

WANTED—LADY AGENTS, in EVERY  
Town and Village, to sell what every lady  
will purchase at sight. Address Miss Williams,  
128 Fulton St., N. Y.

# Free Homestead.

VOL. 6. NO. 36.

WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 296

## BRIDAL SONG AND DANCE.

A eypress-bough and a rose-wreath sweet,  
A wedding-robe and a wedding-sheet,  
A bride and groom, and a bride and groom,  
Thine be the kisses, maid!  
And thou, pale youth, be laid  
In the grave's cold arms;  
Each in his own charms,  
Death and Hymen both are here.  
So up with scythe and torch,  
And slay the bride and groom,  
And early, early leap up the tomb.

Now tremble diaphanous on your cheek—  
Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,  
For he who kisses is near:  
By her the bridegroom fair,  
To you him in a curse—  
Death and Hymen both are here.  
So up with scythe and torch,  
And slay the bride and groom,  
While all the bells ring clear:  
And raze, raze the bed shall bloom,  
And early, early leap up the tomb.  
—T. L. Bellows.

Love me if I live!  
Love me if I die!  
What to me life or death,  
So that thou be nigh?  
Once I loved thee rich,  
Now I love thee poor;  
Ah! what is there I could not  
For thy sake endure?  
Kiss me for my love!  
Pay me for my pain!  
Could I surrender in my ear  
How then let's again!  
—Barry Cornwall.

## The Borgias.

At the period when Columbus was  
setting sail from Europe to discover a  
new world for the crown of Spain (1492),  
and the rudeness of the middle ages in  
England was softening down before the  
wise arrangements of Henry VII., some  
of the most extraordinary transactions of  
which history gives any account were  
commencing in Italy. The first occur-  
rence, and that on which all raised their  
foundations, was the elevation of Roderic  
Lorenzo Borgia, archbishop of Valencia  
and cardinal, to the papal throne, un-  
der the title of Alexander VI.—a dignity  
to which he was preferred, as it appears,  
by dint of sheer dissimulation and simony.  
Alexander sought not his honorable and  
onerous post solely for his own advantage.  
He had a family for which he was desir-  
ous of providing; for the ensuing twelve  
or thirteen years, therefore, the man-  
ners of this family, father and children—the  
Borgia family, as they are called in  
history—occupied the attention of all  
Europe, and were a general scandal to  
Christendom.

The younger Borgias consisted of three  
sons, Francesco, Cesar, and Guiffry, and  
a daughter named Lucretia, all of whom  
were still in youth when their father be-  
came pope. Of Francesco and Guiffry  
history does not say much; Cesar was  
the great man of the family, and of him  
we shall have occasion chiefly to speak.  
Cesar received the news of his father's  
election at the university of Pisa. He  
had sometimes indulged in reveries of  
such prosperous ambition; nevertheless,  
his fulfillment was unexpected, and his  
joy almost extravagant. He was then a  
youth of about two or three and twenty,  
adroit in all manly, and particularly  
martial exercises; riding unsaddled  
horses of the highest spirit; and able to  
sever a bull's head from his body by a  
single stroke of his sword. His disposi-  
tion was haughty, jealous, and dissemi-  
nated. As to his personal appearance,  
even contemporaneous authors have  
transmitted to us the most contradictory  
descriptions. This arises from the cir-  
cumstance, that at certain periods of the  
year, particularly in spring, his face was  
covered with blotches, which made him  
for the time an object of horror and dis-  
gust; while during the rest of the year  
he appeared the thoughtful cavalier,  
with black flowing hair, pale complexion,  
and auburn beard, such as he is repre-  
sented in the beautiful portrait painted  
of him by Raphael. Historians, chroni-  
clers, and painters, all are agreed upon  
the intense expression of his eyes, de-  
scribing them as emitting an incessant  
lustre, and investing him with the char-  
acter of something infernal or uncanny.  
Such was this man of ambition, who had  
taken for his motto, *Aut Cesar, aut  
nil*—"Cesar, or nothing."

At the expiration of a year, when  
Alexander attained the proper degree of  
power, he began to develop the outlines  
of his colossal design to establish a wide  
political influence. There were two  
modes of effecting this—by alliances and  
conquests. Lucretia, though beautiful,  
one of the vilest of women, seconded her  
father's views. A marriage which she  
had formed while in comparative obscuri-  
ty, with a noble Aragonese of no politi-  
cal influence, was now dissolved, and in  
a short time she was allied to the sov-  
ereign of Pesaro, from whom an accession  
of strength to the family was anticipated.  
We may as well here state, that the  
hopes formed on this point were not  
realized; that a fresh divorce in a year  
or two afterwards again set Lucretia  
free, and that she was then united to  
Don Alphonso d'Aragnon, Duke de Bi-  
eddi and Prince de Salerno. Alexan-  
der's eldest son, Francesco, was created  
by the King of Spain Duke of Gandia;  
Cesar, who had been reared for the  
church, was first raised to the dignity of  
archbishop of Valencia, and afterwards  
to that of cardinal; Guiffry was married  
to Donna Sancia, and by her obtained

the principality of Squillace; steps in  
the ladder of Alexandria's ambition  
which, with his intrigues carried on dur-  
ing two abortive attempts of Charles  
VIII., King of France, to possess  
Naples, greatly increased his power. In  
1497, his various aggrandizements had  
carried him to the head of those men  
placed of Calabria, within his grasp.  
There is, however, no peace for the  
wicked. Cesar envied the exaltation of  
his brother Francesco, and longed to  
possess himself of his territorial and other  
dignities. What occurred may be  
related in the words of Alexander Du-  
mas, of whose narrative the present paper  
is partly an abridgement. Cesar,  
who resided in a palace at Rome, had in  
his pay a party of thirty, a species of half-  
soldier half attendant, ready for any en-  
terprise. At the head of these men was  
Nichelotto, a faithful tool of his unprin-  
ciple master. One day Nichelotto was  
sent for, and attended at the appointed  
hour.

"Cesar awaited his arrival, carelessly  
leaning against a large projecting chim-  
ney-piece, clothed no longer in the car-  
dinal's robe and hat, but in a doublet  
of black velvet, the slashes of which dis-  
played a satin vest of the same color.  
One of his hands played mechanically  
with his gloves, whilst the other rested  
upon a poisoned dagger, never absent  
from his side. Nichelotto, at one glance  
saw the coming shadow of a deed of evil.  
Cesar motioned to him to close the door;  
he was obeyed; then after a short inter-  
val, during which the eyes of Borgia  
seemed as if they would scan every  
thought and feeling of the reckless brave  
who stood before him, 'Nichelotto,' he  
said, with a voice of which a slight ac-  
cent of raillery betrayed the only sign of  
emotion, 'what think you? does this  
costume become me?' Habituated as  
the bravo was to the circumstances with  
which his master most frequently pre-  
faced his designs, this question was so  
unexpected, that for a moment he was  
silent, then answered, 'Admirably, and  
thanks to it; your excellency has given  
the appearance as well as the heart of a  
brave soldier.' 'I am well pleased that  
it is your opinion,' replied Cesar, 'and  
now can you tell me why, instead of  
this dress, which I can only wear at  
night, I am forced to disguise myself by  
day beneath the robe and hat of a  
cardinal, and to spend my life in riding  
from church to church, consistory to con-  
sistory, instead of leading to the field of  
battle some noble army, in which you  
should hold the rank of captain, in lieu  
of being, as you are, the poor chief of a  
band of miserable strikers?' 'Yes, my  
lord,' replied Nichelotto, who had guess-  
ed from his first words the intentions of  
Cesar; 'yes, he who is the cause of  
this is Francesco, Duke of Gandia and  
of Benevento, your eldest brother.'  
'Know you,' resumed Cesar, giving to  
this answer no further sign of approbation  
than a slight movement of his head;  
while a ghastly smile lingered upon his  
features? 'Know you who has the wealth  
and not the genius, who has the casque  
and not the head, who has the sword and  
not the hand?' 'Again the Duke of Gan-  
dia,' said Nichelotto. 'Know you,  
moreover, the man who is ever in the  
way of my ambition, my power, and my  
love?' 'Still the Duke of Gandia.'  
'And what think you of it?' demanded  
Cesar. 'I think that he must die,' coolly  
replied Nichelotto. 'And your opinion  
is mine, Nichelotto,' said Cesar, advanc-  
ing towards him, and grasping his hand;  
'and my sole regret is not to have thought  
so before, for had I last year borne but a  
sword instead of a crozier, I should be  
now the possessor of some rich domain.  
The pope wishes to advance the great-  
ness of his house; it is well; but he  
mistakes the means. It is I he should  
create a duke; it is my brother he  
should nominate the cardinal. Had he  
done this, one thing is most certain: I  
should have united to the authority of  
his power the integrity of a heart resolu-  
te to make that authority and power  
more effective. He whose ambition  
would ruin a state or a kingdom, must  
trample under foot the obstacles in his  
path; he must strike with the sword or  
the poniard, nor fear to steep his hands  
in his own blood. He should follow the  
example left by all the founders of em-  
pires, from Romulus to Bajazet, who be-  
came kings by fratricide. And well have  
you said, Nichelotto, what their position  
is mine, and I am resolved never to  
recoil before it. You now know for  
what purpose you have been summoned.  
Was I right? can I depend upon you?'  
Nichelotto, who saw his own advantage  
in the crime, was indifferent to the rest;  
he answered, therefore, he was retired  
at Cesar's disposal; he had only to in-  
timate the time, place, and mode of ex-  
ecution. Cesar replied, as to the time,  
it must be soon, as he himself was about  
to depart for Naples; as to the place  
and mode of execution, these would nec-  
essarily depend upon the opportunities  
that in the mean time both must  
watch, and seize the first favorable oc-  
casion." Here we must drop the curtain.  
The unfortunate Duke of Gandia was  
waylaid in going home from a family  
party, stabbed by the villains employed  
by his brother, and his body thrown into  
the Tiber.

"This blow," proceeds Dumas, "deep-  
ly affected Alexander. Ignorant at first  
whom to suspect, he had given the most  
rigorous orders to discover the assassins.  
But slowly the hideous truth revealed  
itself before him. He saw that the blow  
which had thus stricken his house, pro-  
ceeded from his house. His despair be-  
came frenzy. He ran like one frantic  
through the Vatican, and entering the  
consistory, his clothes torn, his hair dis-  
hevelled and covered with ashes, he con-  
fessed with broken sobs all the crimes  
and disorders of his past life, acknow-  
ledging the blow inflicted on his own  
blood by his own blood to be the just  
retribution of God; then retiring into  
one of the darkest and most secret re-  
cesses of his palace, he shut himself up  
in his sober age. His retinue was com-  
posed of a large number of horses and  
mules, richly caparisoned in silks, and  
cloth of gold and silver; knights in the  
most elegant costumes; and Cesar him-  
self, mounted on a noble courser, was  
dressed in a rich robe of red satin and  
gold brocade, embroidered with gold  
and precious stones. But that which be-  
stowed upon the cavalcade the appear-  
ance of exhaustless luxury was, that the  
mules and horses were shod with shoes  
of gold. Nevertheless all this parade  
was thrown away. Carlotta, spurned  
the efforts of the wooer with contempt.  
To his solicitations she spiritily replied,  
'that she would never marry a man who  
was not only a priest, but the son of a  
priest; not only an assassin, but the as-  
sassin of his brother; not only a man in-  
famous by his birth, but still more in-  
famous by his principles and actions.' Cesar,  
thus discarded, was fortunate in  
finding another princess who accepted him;  
this was Mademoiselle d'Albert,  
daughter of the King of Navarre, and the  
marriage was celebrated with more than  
ordinary pomp.

The historian now turns to the war  
carried on in Romagna, in which the  
career of Cesar Borgia was one of conquest  
and atrocity. The different strongholds  
fell, one after the other, before him, and  
he returned to Rome in the style of an  
ancient emperor, surrounded with tro-  
phies of victory. But although Romagna  
was conquered, it was only in appear-  
ance. A large force was required to  
keep peace; and both to insure tran-  
quillity and his own popularity, Cesar  
fell upon what Machiavelli has described  
as a master-stroke of talent. This con-  
sisted in appointing severe military gov-  
ernors, with orders to put all complai-  
ners to death; and when as many turbu-  
lent spirits were thus cleared off as  
seemed desirable, Cesar made his ap-  
pearance, and, with much affectation of  
piety, stopped the carnage by a summary  
execution of the offending governor. In  
this way turbulent citizens and com-  
moners were equally disposed of, while  
the duke's clemency was a theme of uni-  
versal praise.

While the Duke of Valentinois was  
engaged in completing the conquest of  
the Romagna, and bringing it, by his  
proceedings, into that desert condition  
in which it is till this day found, a new  
scheme of family aggrandizement was  
planned and carried into execution.  
This was the project of marrying Lucre-  
tia from her first husband, Don Al-  
phonso d'Aragnon, now of little political  
importance, and marrying her to a ris-  
ing great man of the day, the duke of  
Ferrara. To get rid of Alphonso, how-  
ever, with any degree of decency, was  
somewhat difficult. The plan finally de-  
termined upon was to invite him to a  
splendid ball, in which, by putting him  
forward as a swordsman, he might  
run a good chance of being gored to  
death. The feat accordingly took place;  
but Alphonso, who was a man of great  
powers and courage, proving himself, on  
every instance the victor, no other means  
of riddance was left but that of private  
assassination. One morning the unfor-  
tunate prince was found strangled in his  
bed, and shortly afterwards the beauti-  
ful Lucretia became Duchess of Ferrara.  
We have no space, if we had incli-  
nation, to pursue the family through  
their fearful career of public rapine  
and private crime, but must come at  
once to the circumstances which would  
wound up their fate. We adopt the  
words of a clever writer who has  
graphically pictured the financial policy  
and closing scene of the Borgias.  
'The Borgia system of finance was at  
once simple and expedite: the mind  
did not toil in weighing the ad-  
vantages of direct and indirect tax-  
ation; to trouble itself about high and  
low tariff; without a single maxim of  
political economy, the papal coffers  
could be filled to repletion. The great  
instrument in this financial policy was  
a certain poison, the secret of which  
remained in the Borgia family, and  
which, it is said, existed in two forms,  
the solid and the liquid. The art of  
making the first is luckily lost, but  
the recipe of the second is on re-  
cord, probably preserved by some Mrs.  
Glaspe of the art. 'Give a boar a  
strong dose of arsenic, and at the mo-  
ment when the poison begins to act,  
hang up the animal by the hind feet;  
he will now be convulsed, and an  
abundance of foam will run from his  
throat. This foam collected in a sil-  
ver plate and decanted in a bottle  
hermetically sealed, will form the li-  
quid poison.' Thus armed with two  
kinds of venom, the Borgias had all  
their own way, as far as the removal

whole of the estates of the archbishop."  
The next affair in which the Borgias  
were concerned was one less tragical.  
Louis XII., who had just ascended the  
throne of France, was desirous of dis-  
possessing his wife Joan, daughter of Louis  
XI.; and Alexander promised to effect  
this desirable object, provided the king  
would use his influence with his sister,  
Donna Carlotta, to effect her marriage  
with his son Cesar, now a layman, pre-  
pared for matrimony. The arrangement  
was immediately entered into, and, as a  
preliminary, Louis created Cesar Duke  
of Valentinois, and gave him a pension  
of 20,000*l*. The splendor of Cesar's em-  
bassy to win the affections of Carlotta  
exceeded all we can have any idea of in  
his sober age. His retinue was com-  
posed of a large number of horses and  
mules, richly caparisoned in silks, and  
cloth of gold and silver; knights in the  
most elegant costumes; and Cesar him-  
self, mounted on a noble courser, was  
dressed in a rich robe of red satin and  
gold brocade, embroidered with gold  
and precious stones. But that which be-  
stowed upon the cavalcade the appear-  
ance of exhaustless luxury was, that the  
mules and horses were shod with shoes  
of gold. Nevertheless all this parade  
was thrown away. Carlotta, spurned  
the efforts of the wooer with contempt.  
To his solicitations she spiritily replied,  
'that she would never marry a man who  
was not only a priest, but the son of a  
priest; not only an assassin, but the as-  
sassin of his brother; not only a man in-  
famous by his birth, but still more in-  
famous by his principles and actions.' Cesar,  
thus discarded, was fortunate in  
finding another princess who accepted him;  
this was Mademoiselle d'Albert,  
daughter of the King of Navarre, and the  
marriage was celebrated with more than  
ordinary pomp.

The historian now turns to the war  
carried on in Romagna, in which the  
career of Cesar Borgia was one of conquest  
and atrocity. The different strongholds  
fell, one after the other, before him, and  
he returned to Rome in the style of an  
ancient emperor, surrounded with tro-  
phies of victory. But although Romagna  
was conquered, it was only in appear-  
ance. A large force was required to  
keep peace; and both to insure tran-  
quillity and his own popularity, Cesar  
fell upon what Machiavelli has described  
as a master-stroke of talent. This con-  
sisted in appointing severe military gov-  
ernors, with orders to put all complai-  
ners to death; and when as many turbu-  
lent spirits were thus cleared off as  
seemed desirable, Cesar made his ap-  
pearance, and, with much affectation of  
piety, stopped the carnage by a summary  
execution of the offending governor. In  
this way turbulent citizens and com-  
moners were equally disposed of, while  
the duke's clemency was a theme of uni-  
versal praise.

While the Duke of Valentinois was  
engaged in completing the conquest of  
the Romagna, and bringing it, by his  
proceedings, into that desert condition  
in which it is till this day found, a new  
scheme of family aggrandizement was  
planned and carried into execution.  
This was the project of marrying Lucre-  
tia from her first husband, Don Al-  
phonso d'Aragnon, now of little political  
importance, and marrying her to a ris-  
ing great man of the day, the duke of  
Ferrara. To get rid of Alphonso, how-  
ever, with any degree of decency, was  
somewhat difficult. The plan finally de-  
termined upon was to invite him to a  
splendid ball, in which, by putting him  
forward as a swordsman, he might  
run a good chance of being gored to  
death. The feat accordingly took place;  
but Alphonso, who was a man of great  
powers and courage, proving himself, on  
every instance the victor, no other means  
of riddance was left but that of private  
assassination. One morning the unfor-  
tunate prince was found strangled in his  
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ver plate and decanted in a bottle  
hermetically sealed, will form the li-  
quid poison.' Thus armed with two  
kinds of venom, the Borgias had all  
their own way, as far as the removal

of obnoxious personages was con-  
cerned, and an unlucky wight had only  
to render himself an object of suspi-  
cion, when a gentled invitation to sup-  
per finished his mortal career. But to  
return to the financial scheme. Pope  
Alexander, with his poisons, had a  
constant power of creating vacancies  
among his cardinals, and it was in  
filling up these that he found such a  
splendid source of profit. In the first  
place, the priest nominated to the of-  
fice of cardinal left his former charges  
vacant, and these reverted to the  
Pope, who sold them. This was item  
the first. Item the second, being the  
round sum which the happy priest  
paid for the cardinalate. Enough was  
not yet gained. An advantage was  
taken of the law according to which  
no cardinal could bequeath his prop-  
erty, and the Pope had only to pick  
out the richest of the college, and treat  
him with a Borgia supper, when the  
third sum found its way into the  
treasury. Thus did the great finan-  
cier, whose head is offered as a study  
in every treatise on plenology, make  
three distinct gains out of one single  
operation. Nevertheless, simple as  
the plan was in a financial point of  
view, it required care in the execu-  
tion, and one fatal day, when the pope  
had fixed upon Cardinal Cusaneva,  
Melchior Copis, and Adrian de Cor-  
netto, as the guests who were to en-  
rich the public purse, and pay this ex-  
pense of private crimes, the "home-  
brewed" was taken, by mistake, by  
Alexander himself and his worthy son.  
The aged sinner, laden with every  
crime that even a depraved imagina-  
tion could create, was seen laid in his  
grave [1503] but Cesar had a tremen-  
dous constitution, and the infernal  
composition which had destroyed  
numbers, though it impaired his en-  
ergies, was not mortal. Never did him  
stick more tightly to a rock than this  
valuable member of society clinging  
to the world. It is said that a "bath  
of blood" was adopted, that Cesar  
might still exist. A bull, according  
to the record, was suspended by its  
legs to four posts, a large gash was  
cut in its belly, from which the entrails  
were taken while it was yet living,  
and into the cavity thus left the pa-  
tient stepped to bathe!

"But though Cesar lived his for-  
tunes were shattered as well as his  
constitution. The papal influence had  
sustained him, and that gone nothing  
could save him from a precipice. No  
sooner was the breath out of Alexan-  
der's body, than the hatred against the  
family broke out everywhere with  
the greatest violence. Not a Borgia  
ventured to show his face but one, and  
that one was recognized by Fabius Or-  
sino, who well remembering the af-  
fair of Sinigaglia, stabbed him, and  
exhibited his savage exultation by  
washing his hands and mouth in blood.  
Cesar was mighty in his downfall; he  
could give away a popedom; he still  
bought close to him his old ally Louis,  
by promising to aid him in conquer-  
ing Naples; but the king of Spain at  
once weakened his force by declaring  
guilty of high treason every one of his  
subjects who should aid the duke.  
Alexander's successor, Pius III., was  
a mere creature in the hands of Cesar;  
but the Orsini, who were industrious  
in pursuit of vengeance, removed him  
after a reign of twenty-six days, by  
telling a physician to put a poisoned  
plaster on a wound in his leg. Again  
did Cesar, by his weight in the college  
of cardinals, give away the popedom;  
and it was by his will that Julien de  
la Rovere, the ancient enemy of the  
Borgias, became Pope Julius II. But  
his career was over. First a prisoner  
in Italy, he became a prisoner in Spain,  
being entrapped by the 'great Cap-  
tain,' Gonzalvo de Cordova, and hav-  
ing escaped from confinement, he was  
killed [1507] in a miserable skirmish  
in Navarre, where he had espoused  
the arms of the king against a rebel-  
lious vassal. Such was the obscure  
end of the celebrated Cesar Borgia."

According to Dumas, Lucretia, the  
duchess of Ferrara, escaped the ven-  
geance due her views. She died full  
of years and honors, adored by her  
subjects as a queen, and addressed by  
Ariosto as a goddess.

FLUENT AFTER DINNER.—The *Harold*  
of Health tells us that sleeping after  
dinner is a bad practice, and that ten  
minutes before dinner is worth more  
than an hour after. It rests and re-  
freshes and prepares the system for  
vigorous digestion. If sleep be taken  
after dinner it should be in the sitting  
posture, as the horizontal position is  
unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let  
those who need rest and sleep during  
the day take it before dinner instead  
of after, and they will soon find that  
they will feel better, and that their  
digestion will be improved thereby.

Beauties of Shadows.  
The shadows all day long play at silent games  
of beauty. Every thing is double, if it stands in  
light. The tree sees an uncreated and muffled  
self lying darkly along the ground. The slender  
stems of flowers, golden rods, way-side asters,  
meadow doabs, and rare lilies, (rare and yet  
abundant in every rice, level meadow,) cast forth  
a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies  
long all the morning, shortening till noon, and  
creeping out again from the root all the afternoon,  
until the sun shoots it as far eastward in the  
morning. A million shadowy arrows such as  
these spring from Apollo's golden bow of light at  
every step. Flying in every direction, they  
cross, interlacing each other in a soft network of  
dim lines. Meanwhile, the clouds drop shadow-  
like anchors, that reach the ground but will not  
hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird,  
every moving team, every unconscious traveler  
writes itself along the ground in dim shadow—  
Becker.

Great eaters never live long. A vor-  
acious appetite, so far from being a  
sign of good health, is an indication of  
disease. Some dyspeptics are always  
hungry, and feel best when eating.

"Cesar awaited his arrival, carelessly  
leaning against a large projecting chim-  
ney-piece, clothed no longer in the car-  
dinal's robe and hat, but in a doublet  
of black velvet, the slashes of which dis-  
played a satin vest of the same color.  
One of his hands played mechanically  
with his gloves, whilst the other rested  
upon a poisoned dagger, never absent  
from his side. Nichelotto, at one glance  
saw the coming shadow of a deed of evil.  
Cesar motioned to him to close the door;  
he was obeyed; then after a short inter-  
val, during which the eyes of Borgia  
seemed as if they would scan every  
thought and feeling of the reckless brave  
who stood before him, 'Nichelotto,' he  
said, with a voice of which a slight ac-  
cent of raillery betrayed the only sign of  
emotion, 'what think you? does this  
costume become me?' Habituated as  
the bravo was to the circumstances with  
which his master most frequently pre-  
faced his designs, this question was so  
unexpected, that for a moment he was  
silent, then answered, 'Admirably, and  
thanks to it; your excellency has given  
the appearance as well as the heart of a  
brave soldier.' 'I am well pleased that  
it is your opinion,' replied Cesar, 'and  
now can you tell me why, instead of  
this dress, which I can only wear at  
night, I am forced to disguise myself by  
day beneath the robe and hat of a  
cardinal, and to spend my life in riding  
from church to church, consistory to con-  
sistory, instead of leading to the field of  
battle some noble army, in which you  
should hold the rank of captain, in lieu  
of being, as you are, the poor chief of a  
band of miserable strikers?' 'Yes, my  
lord,' replied Nichelotto, who had guess-  
ed from his first words the intentions of  
Cesar; 'yes, he who is the cause of  
this is Francesco, Duke of Gandia and  
of Benevento, your eldest brother.'  
'Know you,' resumed Cesar, giving to  
this answer no further sign of approbation  
than a slight movement of his head;  
while a ghastly smile lingered upon his  
features? 'Know you who has the wealth  
and not the genius, who has the casque  
and not the head, who has the sword and  
not the hand?' 'Again the Duke of Gan-  
dia,' said Nichelotto. 'Know you,  
moreover, the man who is ever in the  
way of my ambition, my power, and my  
love?' 'Still the Duke of Gandia.'  
'And what think you of it?' demanded  
Cesar. 'I think that he must die,' coolly  
replied Nichelotto. 'And your opinion  
is mine, Nichelotto,' said Cesar, advanc-  
ing towards him, and grasping his hand;  
'and my sole regret is not to have thought  
so before, for had I last year borne but a  
sword instead of a crozier, I should be  
now the possessor of some rich domain.  
The pope wishes to advance the great-  
ness of his house; it is well; but he  
mistakes the means. It is I he should  
create a duke; it is my brother he  
should nominate the cardinal. Had he  
done this, one thing is most certain: I  
should have united to the authority of  
his power the integrity of a heart resolu-  
te to make that authority and power  
more effective. He whose ambition  
would ruin a state or a kingdom, must  
trample under foot the obstacles in his  
path; he must strike with the sword or  
the poniard, nor fear to steep his hands  
in his own blood. He should follow the  
example left by all the founders of em-  
pires, from Romulus to Bajazet, who be-  
came kings by fratricide. And well have  
you said, Nichelotto, what their position  
is mine, and I am resolved never to  
recoil before it. You now know for  
what purpose you have been summoned.  
Was I right? can I depend upon you?'  
Nichelotto, who saw his own advantage  
in the crime, was indifferent to the rest;  
he answered, therefore, he was retired  
at Cesar's disposal; he had only to in-  
timate the time, place, and mode of ex-  
ecution. Cesar replied, as to the time,  
it must be soon, as he himself was about  
to depart for Naples; as to the place  
and mode of execution, these would nec-  
essarily depend upon the opportunities  
that in the mean time both must  
watch, and seize the first favorable oc-  
casion." Here we must drop the curtain.  
The unfortunate Duke of Gandia was  
waylaid in going home from a family  
party, stabbed by the villains employed  
by his brother, and his body thrown into  
the Tiber.

"This blow," proceeds Dumas, "deep-  
ly affected Alexander. Ignorant at first  
whom to suspect, he had given the most  
rigorous orders to discover the assassins.  
But slowly the hideous truth revealed  
itself before him. He saw that the blow  
which had thus stricken his house, pro-  
ceeded from his house. His despair be-  
came frenzy. He ran like one frantic  
through the Vatican, and entering the  
consistory, his clothes torn, his hair dis-  
hevelled and covered with ashes, he con-  
fessed with broken sobs all the crimes  
and disorders of his past life, acknow-  
ledging the blow inflicted on his own  
blood by his own blood to be the just  
retribution of God; then retiring into  
one of the darkest and most secret re-  
cesses of his palace, he shut himself up  
in his sober age. His retinue was com-  
posed of a large number of horses and  
mules, richly caparisoned in silks, and  
cloth of gold and silver; knights in the  
most elegant costumes; and Cesar him-  
self, mounted on a noble courser, was  
dressed in a rich robe of red satin and  
gold brocade, embroidered with gold  
and precious stones. But that which be-  
stowed upon the cavalcade the appear-  
ance of exhaustless luxury was, that the  
mules and horses were shod with shoes  
of gold. Nevertheless all this parade  
was thrown away. Carlotta, spurned  
the efforts of the wooer



# THE FREE HOMESTEAD.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1899.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**  
This paper has a larger circulation than any other paper in Faribault County, and is the only paper in the county, which is printed entirely at home.

## Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners, at the June Session of the Board, held June 17th, 1899.

Members present, A. R. More, H. J. Neal, A. J. Lathrop, Joseph Chaggett. On motion, resolved that persons living on homesteads shall be considered freeholders for school purposes. On motion, the petition for the division of School District No. 34, was rejected. On motion, the petition of Mrs. Cynthia Gray, annexed Inez Adell Gray, to Joshua Straight until she shall have attained the age of eighteen years. Resolved, that the petition of John Chaggett to be set off from School District No. 10 into School District No. 9, be allowed. Resolved, that the petition of John Chaggett to be set off from School District No. 41 into School District No. 10 be allowed. June 16th, Board met at 8 o'clock A. M., pursuant to adjournment. Full board present. Resolved, that the petition to alter the county road on the section line between sections 15 and 16, and 16 and 19, in the town of Lathrop be granted, and that A. J. Lathrop be authorized to procure the service of the County Surveyors to survey the same and report to the County Board at the next session. Resolved, that W. J. Robinson be instructed to proceed against Horace Crossman to recover all amounts paid by the county in support of his wife. Resolved, to pay to S. S. Kimball, fifty-two dollars for the board of Judge De LaVerge. Resolved, that the personal property tax of John S. Henry be abated. Resolved, that the school tax of School District No. 13 be abated. Ordered, that the Register of Deeds be authorized to procure the books necessary to a full and complete record of all expenses over blank books in printed books purchased. Resolved, that the petition of Eliza Rhodes to be set off from School District No. 8 into School District No. 7 be granted. On motion it was ordered that the assessment of Ole Christensen on block 11 ne qr sec 15, town 102, range 26, be abated 50 per cent. Also 112 13, ne qr sec 16, town 102, range 26, and 112 14, ne qr sec 16, town 102, range 26, assessed to Ole Christensen, be abated 50 per cent. Resolved, that the assessment of Knut Erickson, on block 5 in ne qr sec 16, town 102, range 26, and block 12 in ne qr sec 16, same town and range, be abated 50 per cent.

The following bills were audited and allowed:

A. S. Franklin, grand juror of June term district court,	\$3 50
A. Robertson,	11 40
S. S. Ruge,	11 00
George Davis,	11 00
F. E. Hill,	11 00
A. E. Ingalls,	9 00
John Wilson,	9 00
George Morgan,	11 80
W. S. Parel,	11 00
D. S. Parel,	9 40
John Wilson,	9 40
Justice Souvenir,	9 00
L. Dudley,	9 40
James Anderson,	9 40
David Carwell,	9 40
Francis Dreblow,	12 40
Frederick Miller,	12 40
Cornelius Dingmann,	12 40
Henry Solen,	12 40
A. P. Sherman,	12 40
S. G. Hodge,	2 40
A. Schies,	12 40
W. J. Dickerman,	12 40

\$234 20

## PETIT JURORS.

A. J. Reynolds,	\$7 50
A. A. Paul,	9 00
W. J. Potter,	9 00
Christian Munkel,	15 00
Hiram Chaggett,	15 00
Olaf Stockman,	14 40
A. A. Robinson,	7 20
James McCollum,	12 80
J. W. Warner,	16 00
J. A. Cahoon,	8 00
J. C. Woodruff,	6 00
A. L. Crandall,	6 00
A. L. Harmon,	6 00
Frank VanDine,	6 00
Wayne B. Sillman,	6 00
W. W. McClelland,	6 00
Moses Sailer,	16 40
A. T. Balem,	6 20
W. G. Green,	6 20
U. W. Getchell,	12 40
T. M. Pore,	12 40
John Evans,	12 40
R. H. Baker,	12 40
George Kolp,	12 40
J. Currie,	12 40
S. Marcell,	15 00
C. S. Dunham,	44 50
Patrick Whalen,	12 40
C. Bennett,	12 40
F. Ross,	12 40

\$318 40

## TALESMEN.

James McCollum,	\$4 00
John Jenkins,	2 00
F. Trowbridge,	2 00
E. S. Hurley,	2 00
H. B. Spickerman,	2 00

\$14 00

## WITNESS FEES AT JUNE TERM OF COURT.

O. N. Gardner,	\$3 50
F. A. Squire,	3 00
H. M. Temple,	3 00
George Liddell,	3 00
Michael Westley,	3 00
Isaac Kanrar,	3 00

\$20 15

## FEES FOR SERVICE AT JUNE TERM OF COURT.

H. J. Neal,	\$91 15
P. C. Seely,	23 50
A. S. Dunn, as counsel,	25 00
F. E. Hodge, services as sheriff,	94 00
D. T. Goodwin, deputy sheriff,	20 00
John Franklin, for use of bail,	42 00
Williams & Stevens, use of room for jury,	10 00

\$315 15

## FEES FOR COST IN JUSTICE COURT.

P. C. Seely,	\$8 40
A. J. Kimball,	13 75
Hans Johnson,	6 00
D. H. Garrison, court fees,	6 00
A. J. Rose, justice fees,	4 50
A. E. Taylor, serving subpoena,	1 00
C. Matthews, witness,	1 00
A. Bowen, witness,	1 00
F. Howard,	1 00
James Werner,	1 00
S. Sudler,	1 00
Joe Foster,	1 00
Wm. Halstead,	1 00
H. B. Johnson, fee for levy on wagon,	1 00
G. D. McArthur, posting notice of levy,	3 00
John H. Mount, justice fees,	1 00
Patrick Kelly,	1 00
Geo. Hastings, constable,	8 00
J. E. Mount, justice fees,	2 70
Mathew Rice, witness,	2 40
John Holtzner, witness,	2 22
David Crounch, witness,	2 22
R. H. Truman, witness,	2 22
Mr. Lawrence, witness,	1 00
D. T. Goodwin, for services as dep'ty sheriff,	33 20
F. E. Hodge, for services as sheriff,	94 00
Richard E. Ford, services in suit to collect school tax,	10 00
Geo. Hastings, constable's fees,	5 30

\$180 25

## BILLS ALLOWED.

Press Printing Co., St. Paul, printing for county,	\$32 20
Amos Barrett, balance of account as grand juror, 1899,	2 85
Wm. Henderson, making election returns,	4 30
N. McCully,	2 40
W. W. White, salary, 3 months and postage,	151 80
E. A. Hotchkiss, printing for county,	20 70

## WONDERFUL BASE BALL GAME.

Cincinnati vs. Mutual-Remarkable Game.

—The Champions Defeated.

The meeting of the Eastern and Western champions yesterday at the Union ground resulted in the most remarkable contest on record. In a full game of nine innings, the Mutuals were defeated by a score of 4 to 2. This was without question the smallest score ever made in a first-class contest, and the game will pass into history as the most celebrated ever witnessed since the inception of this popular sport.

The reputation of the Western athletes had preceded them. Long before their advent among their one-sided victories over clubs ranking as first-class had caused quite a stir in base ball circles. A large crowd was consequently looked for at their first exhibition in this vicinity, and there would undoubtedly have been 5,000 or 6,000 people present if it had not been for the unpropitious weather. Even as it was, with rain threatening to fall every moment, some 2,000 interested spectators wended their way to the Union ground. Just before 3 o'clock the "Red Stockings" reached the ground in a conveyance provided by the Mutual Club, and at 3 o'clock the game was commenced. The Cincinnati won the toss, and sent their opponents to the Union ground. Just before 3 o'clock the "Red Stockings" reached the ground in a conveyance provided by the Mutual Club, and at 3 o'clock the game was commenced. The Cincinnati won the toss, and sent their opponents to the Union ground.

## POOR FUND.

Mrs. McKenney, 1 40

T. F. Fobes, 12 00

Anderson & Bros., 3 37

M. Allen & Dutton, 3 70

Cable & Bros., 12 45

Whitman Case & Co., 10 20

Mr. Jensen, 2 75

H. C. Lewis, 13 00

Levin Bros., 22 50

James Prior, 15 00

J. F. Winslow, 42 00

E. B. Raymond, 42 00

O. S. Kimball, 42 00

Total assets audited and allowed, \$2,253 87

Amounts allowed to the first Tuesday, being the 1st of September, 1899.

W. M. WHITE, County Auditor.

The civil calendar at the late term of court in Red Wing, embraced eight days.

Several cases of poisoning from the potato bug have recently occurred near Spring Valley.

Judge Austin and Gen. James H. Baker are to be on duty at the city of St. Paul.

A man has been arrested at Milford, Pa., who confesses to having placed the obstructions upon the track of the Erie Railroad, which caused the fatal slaughter at that place.

Leprosy is fearfully prevalent in the Sandwich Islands. The case of one person is swollen; another's hands are deformed, the fingers being drawn into the palms of the hands and one or more joints gone from each finger, while another's face is so swollen and disfigured that his own friends find it hard to recognize him.

The Deatur (Ill.) *Republican* of the 21st says: People at this season should look out for the large worm which infests the tomato vine. It is a deadly pest. It is of a green color, two or three inches long, and as large as a man's finger. At Red Creek, Wayne county, a few days ago, a servant girl, while gathering tomatoes, received a puncture from one of these worms, which created a severe inflammation in the leg.

In a short time the poison penetrated to every part of her system, and she was thrown into spasms which ended in death.

S. B. Woodworth, the city editor of the St. Paul Pioneer, was assaulted on the 18th inst. by Hiram Rogers, his son W. D. Rogers, and C. L. Wood.

For some supposed opinion entertained by him on the subject of the alleged loss of \$25,000 by the latter, Rogers was badly bruised about the face and back of the head, but no permanent injury was sustained. The assailants were brought in to the police court on Monday, and fined \$40 each and costs, besides giving \$500 bonds to keep the peace for six months.

The usually quiet village of Vernon was considerably agitated last week by the arrest and trial of Mr. Edward Merrill, a well-known citizen, played in one of the slasher districts, charged with cruelly whipping a child—a step daughter of Mr. Reynolds, aged 15 years. It occurred on Tuesday last, before Justice P. J. McKeen. A jury was summoned, and after a protracted sitting, during which the counsel both for the prosecution and defense carried their best efforts, the jury decided that there was no cause of action and acquitted the teacher.

## A Live Mouse in a Child's Stomach.

In the drug store of Mr. Waldbauer, corner of Spain and Grantman streets, is a half grown mouse, the history of which is indeed extraordinary.

A daughter of Mr. F. Waldbauer, living near the drug store, only two years and three months old, has been a sufferer from some complaint for three weeks, the exact diagnosis of which was not ascertained. She was variously treated, but nothing seemed certain, that the condition was her stomach. At times she suffered acute pains, and occasionally her appetite was unusual, and she was choking and vomiting the little white mouse, but as difference of opinion existed among interested parties, a consultation was held, and it was arranged to make a test by administering, last Thursday, a powerful cathartic, and the medicine solved the mystery. Emily vomited with considerable force the above mentioned mouse, and yesterday the animal, still alive, was an object of attraction. This statement is true in every particular, and should be held in mind by any curiosity to gratify in the matter, it may be gratified by visiting the place mentioned. The mouse will be preserved by the apothecary and the stranger may yet find a home in some house. How it got there, or when, the child or its father cannot say. Emily has since recovered.—*New Orleans Republican*.

## The St. Paul Press proposes the name of Gen. John T. Averill, as a compromise candidate for Governor, presuming that this district will go into the State Convention with half a dozen candidates.

—with no pronounced preference for either—but with a determined hostility to any particular one.

## A Big Thing.

A New York city paper announces that a secret society has been formed, having branches in the principal cities of the Union, for carrying the country over to imperialism. Its members are sworn to promote and support what is termed a "free empire." It is proposed to establish an aristocracy, with executive powers in the hands of a council, with one man at the head, who shall hold the position for life, and be designated consul of the free empire of the United States, the title of consul to be thrown away for that of Emperor, as soon as the public sentiment will bear the change. The man for this position has already been selected by the leaders of the movement.

The above plot is a pretty one to talk about, but would be a nasty one to carry out.

Senator Ramsey and family sailed for Europe on the 22d inst. He goes to France on business connected with the Post Office Department.

## in their hands by a score of 4 to 2.

Thus closed the best played and most remarkable game on record. Properly fielded, each side would have made one run.—*N. Y. Sun, June 16.*

## Horrors of the Trapeze.

A scene of considerable excitement occurred at the American Theatre on Walnut street, above Eighth, on Saturday evening, during the flying trapeze performance of two artists announced on the bills as Lilla and Zoe. One of the feats consisted in Lilla, a full grown young woman, swinging herself by means of two ropes suspended from the ceiling, from a platform erected in front of the gallery, entirely across the auditorium, until she touched with her feet a trapeze that hangs at considerable altitude over the orchestra. Seizing herself on the trapeze with her feet, her body swings downwards and she remains in that position while Zoe, a child of 11 years of age, mounts the platform in the gallery, and seizing the iron rings attached to the ropes mentioned, throws herself off, and darts toward Lilla, and when reaching her the child throws a summersault in mid-air, and her only chance from being crushed to death by falling from the dizzy height among the audience in the parquette, is being caught by Lilla, who hangs with her head downward from the trapeze.

Certain death would be the result of the slightest mistake made by either of the performers. On Saturday evening the feat was successfully performed. It is true, but Lilla hardly caught the child as she revolved in the air. As the latter was descending, however, to the stage, the man whose duty it was to catch her from the hands of Lilla, failed to do so, and the poor child fell to the platform placed over the orchestra, a distance of several feet, and struck her head and otherwise injured herself.

The child was picked up, when she immediately placed her hands to her head, and it was apparent that she was seriously hurt. Notwithstanding this, she was most intemperately ordered to remount the platform in the gallery and repeat the feat. The child obeyed, but such conduct on the part of those who have charge of the exhibition was too much for the audience to stand, and there was a unanimous cry of "No, no!" "Shame, shame!" "Take her back!" "Take her back!" etc. In the meantime the child mounted the platform and stood ready to repeat the feat, but the audience rose en masse, to their great credit, and prevented the ropes from being let down to her. Unable to conduct such a display of public indignation and disapproval, the child was ordered to retire, which she did amid the most tumultuous applause. Now, whether she could have performed the feat again in her then condition, will be seen from the following:

After she had retired, the stage manager advanced and stated that she desired to perform another feat, and that she was not injured, and the consent of the audience was asked. There was a general cry of "No, no," and considerable hissing; but, taking advantage of a few cries of "Go on," from the boys in the gallery, the child again appeared, and mounting the platform took hold of the rings and swung herself off for the purpose of catching the hanging trapeze with her feet and then making a summersault, while descending into an outstretched net. As the audience felt would be the case, the child essayed the feat but failed to catch the trapeze, owing to her nervous state, which was natural, under the circumstances, but she was saved from injury by her commendable presence of mind in not letting go of the ropes. The consequence was that she swung backward and forward amid a scene of much excitement, and was relieved from her perilous position by the audience, who caught her and carried her to the stage.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, June 14.*

## Potato Bug Bradiator.

We had occasion a few weeks since to publish the statement that Paris green would, if applied to potato vines, destroy the bugs, which for several years have nearly ruined the crop. Mr. Benj. J. Durkee, of this city, seeing the item, decided to experiment with his potatoes, which were becoming covered with this Egyptian plague. He took ten pounds of dry ashes and sifted it clean, and then mixed with it one pound of this green. With a sieve he sprinkled the vines, and in a short time the bugs began to drop off and disappear. The effect was made more perceptible by skipping now and then a row of potatoes, and while the rows saturated with the poison were free from bugs, those which had no Paris green on them would thicken up with strange. About two pounds of it, with twenty pounds of ashes will answer for an acre of potatoes, and an application once in three weeks Mr. Durkee thinks will keep them free from bugs. This ingredient costs 55 cents per pound, and four or five applications during the season will secure a crop of potatoes. An outlay of five or six dollars on an acre of potatoes is much more satisfactory than to be compelled to bestow half one's time in picking potatoes. The best time to apply the mixture is early in the morning before the dew is gone. The dampness of the vines causes it to adhere to them and as long as it remains there is no fear of bugs. This remedy is said to be harmless to the vines so far as their growth and thrift is concerned.—*Monkato Union.*

A exp of office and a sandwich invariably form the breakfast of the King of Prussia. At 10 o'clock in the morning he takes a substantial lunch, and at the dinner-table he eats very heartily. He takes his last meal, generally consisting of fried potatoes and fish, between 9 and 10 in the evening.

## The Death of Mr. Raymond.

Journalism in America has met with a severe loss in the death of Mr. Henry J. Raymond, editor of *The New York Times*. Mr. Raymond graduated at a New England college, and soon after entered the profession of journalism as one of Mr. Horace Greeley's assistants, he having just then established the *Tribune*. After several years of the most untiring industry on that and other journals, Mr. Raymond, in 1851, founded, in connection with others, the *Times* newspaper, which has steadily grown in power and influence until now. Mr. Raymond was at his club late on Thursday evening, and left it apparently in his usual health. On reaching his residence, about midnight, he was struck with apoplexy, or paralysis, and was found in the hall-way insensible about half past two, A. M., and at five o'clock he expired.

Mr. Raymond was one of the most indefatigable workers, and, at the same time, one of the most logical writers, on the American Press. By his talents and energy he succeeded in placing on a stable foundation a large metropolitan daily at a time when such an enterprise was by no means easily achieved. While professing Republicanism his journal has usually inclined to the conservative branch of that party, but was still true to principle. Mr. Raymond mingled actively in politics and was elected to the State Legislature in 1849, and again in 1850. In 1854 he was elected Lieut. Governor of the State, and, as such, presided over the State Senate, in 1855-'56, with dignity and ability, as at a later period he presided over the Assembly. He was elected to the State Assembly for the third time in 1861, and made Speaker at the opening of the session of 1862, and the next autumn he was elected to Congress. He was also about this time Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Raymond was born at Litchfield, N. Y., in 1820, and was, therefore, forty-nine years of age at the time of his sudden demise.

## A Post Master who wants to be Turned Out.

The Chautauque County (N. Y.) Press relates that the Postmaster at Mina, Mr. Callen Barnes, tendered his resignation early last spring, and, for some unexplained reason, the officials in power paid no attention to it, consequently Mr. Postmaster got his back up, and sent the following letter, which will serve as a copy to any of Uncle Sam's officials who are tired of wearing the robes of office:

Mina, Chautauque county, N. Y., May 12, 1899.

DEAR SIR—I asked you for my resignation some time ago, and recommended Alexander D. Hollridge to be postmaster of this office; it is the people's wish, and he being a Republican, and my being a Democrat, I thought it would be immediately attended to. My business is such that I must go to Iowa, to be gone two or three months; my wife died last July; my daughter and deputy born in 1890. My grandfathers was a cousin to Ethan Allen; and now, by the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, I demand my resignation.

C. B., P. M.

## Kansas is suffering from floods.

Wall street is hard up.

The Cubans have won another victory.

Fowler, the old phrenologist, is lecturing in England.

A grandson of Vanderbilt is a conductor on a Troy train.

Seneca county, N. Y., has two jails, and both are empty.

California has raised a sunflower weighing 57 pounds.

There are more than 4,000,000 Germans in the United States.

The New Orleans gambling houses pay a yearly license of \$5,000.

The Chicago University for Women is to be opened this summer.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

The editor of the South Oregon (N. J.) *Budget* is twelve years of age.

Ida Greely, daughter of H. G., is an officer of the woman suffrage association.

The Pope has two brothers older than himself, and a nephew sixty years of age.

The Mayor of Portland is a remarkable man. He asks to have his salary reduced.

16 miles of the Southern Minnesota Railroad are now graded, and the iron is being laid.

Why is a fine specimen of handwriting like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana were severely damaged by the late storms.

There are forty-two societies, with 1,700 missionaries engaged in giving the Gospel to the heathen.

A woman died of corpulence a few days ago, in Philadelphia, weighing nearly six hundred pounds.

Napoleon has been attending some of the Republican reunions in Paris, disguised as an honest citizen.

Cuban news is to the effect that large numbers of regular Spanish soldiers are deserting to the patriot army.

Somebody wants to know if Anna Dickinson, when she aspires to be an M. C., means Mother of Children.

On an opening night at an opera house in Nevada, an enthusiastic admirer of an actress threw an \$80 silver brick at her.

Eight horse-slaughtering establishments at Stettin, Prussia, turned out last year 800 carcasses and 52,000 pounds of meat.

## A Boston merchant has a business ledger 190 years old.

A Boston horse car conductor has been given a Government bond by some of his regular passengers.

Great fears are entertained that the injuries received in a recent accident will finally result in the death of the czar of Russia.

There are fifteen male and female opera singers on the European continent, whose aggregate income amounts to four million francs and a half.

One of the editors of the Chicago *Republican* was knocked down on the street last Friday, by a man who had been abused by that paper.

On a recent Sunday evening, the pastor of one of the Denver, Colorado, churches had to stop preaching, and request his audience to quit eating peanuts.

Women having a certain amount of property in Russia have the right to vote, though it must be exercised by proxy, a male relative or friend representing them at the election.

It was reported to the medical fraternity in Owatonna that there were five "regular" and four "irregular" physicians practicing medicine in that county. The question is—who's who?

The Rev. Samuel Nott, who died the other day in Hartford at the age of 81, was the last survivor of a band of five missionaries sent to the East Indies by the American Board in 1812.

Major Snider has sold to Mr. T. H. Perkins, for four years past one of the editors of the *Lake City Leader*, one-half of the *Goodhue County Republican*. The business will hereafter be conducted by Snider & Perkins.

Within the past three months 2,000 head of corn-fed beef cattle have been imported to St. Paul from Iowa via Minn. Central Railroad. They supply the St. Croix valley and other regions tributary to St. Paul.

Miss Annie E. Surratt, daughter of the martyred Mrs. Surratt, was married in Washington, on the 17th inst., to Wm. P. Torrey, a gentleman connected with the Chemistry Department of the Surgeon General's Office.







#### How to Raise Apples in Minnesota.

We have noticed for several years that our well known townsman, Sam. Doughty, has had apple trees about his house, whose branches were loaded with fruit in autumn, resembling their jolly owner in their plump growth and russet-ruddy hue. As one variety of apple tree after another has matured successfully and come to good bearing under his care, we come to regard him as the very best man the people of this State are looking for, namely,—the man to teach them how to raise apples. Compared to this, it is of very little consequence who is to be the next Governor.

Meeting our friend Doughty on the street last Monday, we coaxed him into his office, saw him squarely and comfortably settled into the big easy chair, and, presenting a pencil and sheet of paper, demanded of him the secret of his success in raising apples.

"You sit down and write it," said our friend. "Tell your readers there are twelve or fifteen kinds of apples—almost any of the hardy varieties—that can be raised here with little trouble and no failure. Trim off the lower limbs, and let the trees head out high, not less than four or five feet from the ground. It is the reflection of the sun from the snow in February and March that kills the trees, and it seldom kills up more than two or three feet, nor ever more than four or five. Protect the bodies by setting up a board by each tree on the southwest side, and if the heads are trained high, the lower limbs will be out of reach of danger; if low, they will be killed. The reflection of the sun thaws the sap and then the sudden freezing at night destroys the trees. It is neither summer's heat nor winter's cold that injures apple trees in Minnesota, but only this reflection of the sun from the snow in February and March that kills the trees. The Golden Russet is tough to stand the cold of our winters as the hurr oak. The latest fall growth of this and other hardy varieties does not kill, because it is up on the ends of the limbs, out of the way of harm.

"The protection of the trunks by the board, as before stated, or by wrapping them with cloth or strips of straw, must be continued till the tree becomes mature and scaly, when it will take care of itself. The blight is only on the southwest side.

"I had a Golden Russet three or four years ago, that was headed out low; the body was shaded and healthy, but the lowest limbs—all the largest ones—were killed or injured. I sawed them off, leaving no limbs within the reach of the sun's reflection from the snow, and the tree has since grown vigorously, and is now loaded with fruit. If I had not taken off these low limbs and compelled the tree to head out higher, the tree would have been completely ruined.

"I raise the Golden Russet, the Red Astrachan, the Rhode Island Greening and many others; and have never had a tree injured that was protected as I have described.

"If I had known when I came to Minnesota what it is that kills the trees, I am sure that I might have had by this time as fine a bearing orchard of apple trees as can be found anywhere in the United States.

"Nearly all the soft maple trees, that have a smooth bark, when young and transplanted from shady places, and left without protection, kill by the spring scalding on the southwest side, the same as the apple trees.

"I have not had much trouble with insects. Have never seen the borer here. Occasionally a little green fly attacks the tender growth on the tips of the branches, but it is easily destroyed by soap suds."

"Do you ever do anything to prevent a precocious growth in the spring?"

"Well, I have sometimes scraped the snow away from the trees in the winter in order to let the ground freeze solid among the roots, and then put it back or throw on straw or stable litter to keep the frost in the ground; but this is not necessary, as the apple blossoms never come too early. Mine have never been injured by frost."

"All we have to say to our readers in addition to the above is that Mr. Doughty's method is very cheap and easy, and it may work elsewhere as well as here for all we can see.—Lake City Leader.

A POWERFUL TAIL.—The New York Evening Post, in an article referring to the respective relations of the two great political parties to the principles of free trade, speaks of the Protectionists as the "tail of the Republican party." If so, we are inclined to think that it is like the tail of Lord Dundreary's dog—"So heavy that it was a wagger the dog."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Henry Ward Beecher says that "all men are ridiculous in spots, and some men are ridiculous all over."

A gentleman, in noticing some instances in the education of children, said he knew of a woman who used to tie her boy to the bedpost on Sunday, while she went to church, and made him learn the hymn beginning, "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love."

An eminent divine once remarked in a lecture: "In selecting your partners for life, choose persons of naturally good disposition—those who are by nature cheerful and gentle. It may surprise you to hear me place these before piety; but I am of Baxter's opinion, who said that the grace of God could live with persons that he could not."

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you spell character.

The real motives of men's actions like the real pipes of an organ, are generally concealed.

The velvet moss grows on sterile rocks; the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches; the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the meditation of the receding year—and, Heaven be praised, something green and beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart.

We delight in the diffusion of learning, and yet we are gratified at finding a large quantity of it in one place; as we would rather have a solid pot of butter at breakfast than splashes of grease over the whole tablecloth.

Punch says he never could see that Canada was of much benefit to England; for all that country ever got from those provinces was wars, fights and rows—except the Canadian boat song, and even that commences "Row, brothers, row."

The best language in all countries is that which is spoken by intelligent men of too high rank for petty affectation and of too much request in society for deep study.

Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, soars into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

"There goes a man," said a friend to another, "who is worth his hundred thousand dollars." "Yes," quietly said the other, looking after the rich man, "and that is all he is worth."

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the amazed questioner.

I've risen from the Bar to the Bench, as the young lawyer said when he quit law and went to shoemaking.

It is a fact creditable to barn-yard nature, that while curses come home to roost, roosters never come home to curse.

Praises are valuable only when they come from lips that have the courage to condemn.

#### Winter Goods!

THE Largest Stock

Ever brought into Faribault county is now in the store of

Moulton and Deudon.

The Latest Style of

Paisley Shawls,

Large-line Double Shawls and Cloaks,

HATS, CAPS & CLOTHS,

Cassimere Delains,

Belgian Delains,

Rep Delains,

India Cloth,

EMPIRE CLOTHS,

Wool Poplin,

Chinchilla Popinlo,

Ruffle Skirts and Boulevard Skirts,

may now be found at this store.

In addition to the above mentioned articles of the present most fashionable pattern, you will always find at the Faribault county

EMPORIUM.

A well selected assortment of

HOOP SKIRTS,

from the "Odessa Skirt Company," which are unsurpassed by any other Hoop Skirt in use, as regards Durability, Comfort and Style.

And also a large stock of

Groceries, Pork, Hams,

BUTTER,

Lard, Wheat, Corn,

POTATOES,

Onions, Flour, Meal, &c., &c.

ALSO EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Crockery, Glassware,

Looking-glasses,

Lamps, Lanterns,

Machine and Kerosene

Oil, Sugar Buckets and

Boxes,

AND

BOOTS & SHOES,

of all sizes, and many styles.

G. K. Moulton, of the firm of MOULTON & DEUDON, has just returned from NEW YORK CITY, where he took particular time to find the best houses, and to purchase at the bottom of the market, and confidently believes that he has secured the best qualities of goods, and at the most reasonable figures, and

THE ENTIRE STOCK

is now offered at a small advance on the original cost. Call and examine for yourselves.

Truly Yours,  
MOULTON & DEUDON.  
Sep. 29, 1868. 207

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which HENKOLD'S "Concentrated Extract of Sassafras" invariably does. Ask for HENKOLD'S. Take 30 other.

Young Ladies Beware! OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF Face Powders and Waxes. All such remedies close the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, use HENKOLD'S "Elixir Sassafras."

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Circumstances which enable me to do so with safety to myself and profit to my Customers I am

OFFERING FOR SALE

AT

LIVING PRICES,

A

Complete assortment of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of

Cloths, Poplins, Sheetings.

Prints, Alpaccas, Delains,

Denims, Cassimers, Muslins,

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE

NEW

AND LATEST STYLES

HATS and CAPS,

BOOTS and SHOES,

CROCKERY,

UNDER THE NEW

Dispensation

our

MOTTO IS

LIVE AND LET LIVE,

which we intend to do by

SELLING CHEAP for CASH,

and charging nothing for showing goods.

AT THE OLD STAND OF

WINSHIP & GOODWIN.

235tf J. F. WINSHIP.

WHEELER, RICE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Rod and Mould-Board

Breaking Plows

AND

Crossing Plows,

Warranted to scour in any kind of soil, and

harden by a process known only to ourselves.

CORN PLOWS,

Manufactured entirely of iron and steel.

HARROWS

Of the most approved pattern. Also

LUMBER WAGONS

BUGGIES,

AND

SLEIGHS,

Manufactured from Eastern timber.

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING DONE

BY FIRST CLASS WORKMEN.

Winnipeg City, Minn., Feb. 17th, 1869.

277tf

#### IMPORTANT DECISION.

After careful investigation by competent judges it has been fully and fairly decided that the best place to purchase

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HATS and CAPS,

BOOTS and SHOES

and in fact, any kind of Goods, is at the Store

R. M. Wilson,

First door North of Post Office,

where more Goods can be had for one dollar than

any other

STORE

in Faribault County.

R. M. WILSON.

44n21tf pr N. W. SARGENT

April 5th, 1867.

NEW FIRM.

New Goods.

WELCH AND WALLACE,

Dealers in

Stoves, Tin

AND SHEET IRON WARE,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

SHELF and HEAVY

HARDWARE.

SASH, GLASS and PUTTY.

manufacturers of

EAVE TROUGHS, SPOUTING,

and all kinds of

TIN WARE.

A fine assortment of

Table and Pocket Cutlery.

Grind-Stones and Hangings,

Breaking and Crossing

PLOWS,

Fence-Wire, &c., &c.

J. H. Welch, Wm. Wallace, Chas. Wallace.

Winnipeg City, Minn.

April 7th, 1868.

Patent Pocket Corn Sheller.

GREAT NOVELTY! Quick Sales! Profits

over 200 per cent! We offer Territorial

Rights in the Western, Southern, and New Eng-

land States. Send for circulars. Address, WEA-

VER & JONES, Manufacturers, Pittsburg, Pa.

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OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The astounding revelations and startling dis-

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intense desire in the minds of the people to ob-

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AND

FIRE & MARINE,

of St. Paul, Minn.

Also Notary Public & Conveyancer.

OFFICE—in the rear of the Post Office build-

ing, up stairs.

243tf Winnipeg City, Minn.

Meat Market!!

BEEF, PORK and MUTTON

are now for sale at Peirce's market in Winnipeg

City, one door east of the Post Office, and will

be sold at very low prices. Customers in and

out of town supplied at low figures.

P. M. PEIRCE.

Winnipeg City, Minn., p. 3, 1868. 258tf

#### NEW FALL GOODS!

C. McCABE

HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Crockery and

GLASSWARE,

Prints, DeLaines, Bleached and

Unbleached Cotton,

DRESS GOODS, GENTS READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Hats and Caps, Cloths,

GRAIN SACKS, NOTIONS, &c.

Also, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Syrup, Molasses, Kero-

sene and Machine Oil, Wheat, Oats, Flour, &c.

Crockery: Cups and Saucers, Plates,

Meat Dishes, Ewers and Basins

Glass Lamps and Chimneys, Cornet Sun Burners

and Chimneys,

Lanterns, Tumblers, Goblets,

LOOKING GLASSES, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES made to order and

repairing neatly done.

200tf

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,

lately much improved—and the new

Universal Clothes Wringer.

Improved with Russell's Patent Double Cap-

Wheels, and the Patent Slog, are now unques-

tionably far superior to any apparatus for wash-

ing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost

in a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as

follows:

"We like our machines much; could not be

permeated to do without it, and with the aid of

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